

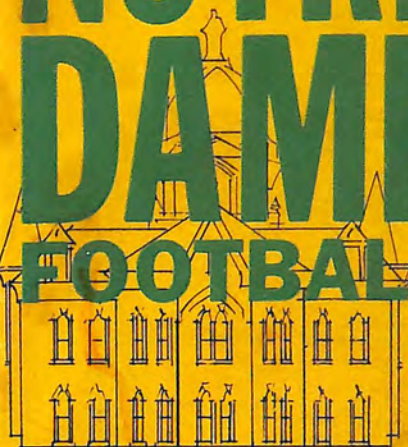
The Story Of A Proud Heritage

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NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL



By JIM BEACH



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NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL

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By Jim Beach

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**SPORT
MAGAZINE**



**MACFADDEN-BARTELL CORP., 205 EAST 42ND STREET.,
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NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL



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**NOTRE
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FOOTBALL**

To Donald "Chet" Grant and Rev. Thomas Brennan, C.S.C., two worthy and true sons of Notre Dame . . . and to David, Timothy and Anthony, my three sons, who someday might earn the same distinction.

★ ★ ★

How The Irish Got That Way

DURING the 70-plus seasons in which the University of Notre Dame du Lac has fielded football teams it has compiled an unparalleled record of success. Most Notre Dame men say the underlying reason is the school's commitment to excellence in every endeavor.

But says Father Tom Brennan, professor of Aristotilian logic at Notre Dame and handball champion of many years standing: "What's all this talk recently about our commitment to excellence? After all, it's made by each of us at Baptism."

Still, there is a mystique about Notre Dame and its traditions, an elusive ingredient that has been the leavening agent in its steady rise to fame. It is a unique spirit that did not originate with the introduction of football. If football had never been invented, Notre Dame would have manifested it in its dedication, devotion and religious orientation toward life that are motivating forces of the University. Notre Dame belongs to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Notre Dame began as a Catholic mission post, a log chapel on a large tract of wooded land in northern Indiana. It was located in a wilderness territory populated by a few fur trappers, pioneer farmers, and traders and saloonkeepers in the settlements, but mostly,

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by Chief Pokagon's tribe of Pottowatomie Indians. To that remote site twenty-eight-year-old Father Edward Sorin and seven young Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross came from France and trekked through heavy November snows in 1842 to establish a college.

Their chances of failure were enormous, but they were bold, aggressive men with conquering wills. After praying for divine intervention they chopped trees for timber and molded bricks of clay scooped from the shores of St. Mary's Lake. By the following fall they had erected crude living quarters, cabins for classrooms, and barns that were stocked with provisions they themselves raised.

In the early years Notre Dame suffered through severe financial hardship, cholera and malaria epidemics, and a series of disastrous fires. One fire, in 1879, reduced many main buildings to ashes. Yet the college survived and thrived.

At first, the courses of study at Notre Dame were skimpy, for the school's purpose was to educate men for the ordinary walks of life, not necessarily for scholarship. It was a rough-and-ready institution that catered to poor boys of all ages. Notre Dame had no pretensions, yet it strived constantly to improve its curriculum and elevate its academic standing. It had a prep school, a manual-trades school, commercial courses. Eventually, by the time it celebrated its golden anniversary, it had expanded to 400 students and colleges of Arts & Letters, Science, Law and Engineering.

Not long after its founding the school began to take on a decidedly Irish tinge. This during a phase of our history when it was commonplace to see signs on factory fences and in store windows that read: "*Help Wanted—No Irish Need Apply.*"

The peak years of Irish immigration to America occurred in the mid-1800s when the potato blight

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devastated the only crop the British landlords allowed Irishmen to eat. Weakened by starvation and disease, but still tough and durable, swarms of Irish climbed up out of every docking ship's steerage expecting to find gold-paved streets and freedom from privation and persecution. What they found instead were deplorable conditions of poverty and prejudice.

The Irish were the first people to be called foreigners in the United States. They were scorned, exploited, and segregated. They were forced to live in shanties in squalid city slums or in labor camps where work gangs were restricted. The only jobs available to them were as hod carriers, canal diggers, miners in the coal pits, and pick-and-shovel and sledge-hammer laborers on the railroad. Their women usually were hired only as housemaids and serving girls.

Because the Irish felt excluded from the mainstream of American life, they banded together and became clannish. The closeness and family feeling that prevailed at Notre Dame were partially due to the conditions of social isolation imposed upon the Irish.

True, some of the immigrants were rowdy and uncouth by the prim Puritan standards prevalent throughout America. But the Irish took the stand that they were the equal of any man and to hell with anyone who would deny them their rights.

And thus it's been down through the years. The Irish have always had an instinct for strenuous mettle-testing activity. They invariably enter sporting events with a vigor supported by a fighting mood. When Notre Dame began intercollegiate football, and for some years thereafter, it was treated disdainfully. Notre Dame never regarded a football game as a chance to get even with those who were hostile to the Irish, though intimidation, snobbishness, and open abuse did serve to spur the players on.

Another factor that influenced Notre Dame football

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was unbending pride in Irish contributions to America.

As the Civil War approached, priests at Notre Dame operated a station on the underground railroad to help runaway slaves escape to Canada. When the fighting started, several of those priests became chaplains for the Union Army, one-third of which was Catholic.

One chaplain, Father William Corby, later to become president of Notre Dame, served with the hellish Irish Brigade of the 45th (New York) Division. On the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg he granted general absolution from sins to troops about to begin the bloody skirmish at Devil's Den. Today, a statue of Father Corby stands on the Notre Dame campus, an arm upraised in the attitude of a priest giving his blessing. In recent years football-conscious students have come to know the hero priest as "Fair Catch Corby."

The Irish influenced American politics by organizing voters in their own communities. They fought with fist, ax-handle shillelagh and dynamite to start the labor movement in the United States. They wrote songs, plays, novels and poems with a lilting gaiety. Their actors, singers, dancers, cops on the beat and priests from poor parishes set a jaunty style that the whole nation envied and copied. Their splendid self-esteem contributed to America's bouncy optimism, to its characteristic confidence, and to an unflagging faith in its own future.

The Irish penchant for surviving troublesome times, working hard at dirty jobs, figuring ways to overcome adversity, and erasing antagonisms by sheer force of personality are all part of the story of football at Notre Dame.

Of course, only a relatively small percentage of Notre Dame football players have been genuine Sons of Erin. But nobody cares very much if a little pretense

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is involved. It's the thought behind the honorary title of *IRISHMAN* that counts.

And among the coaches who have directed *THE FIGHTING IRISH OF NOTRE DAME* we find a Norwegian named Knute Rockne, a Swede named Hunk Anderson, and a Croat named Joe Kuharich.

"What the Football Team Needs Most Is a Coach"

A FAVORITE muscles-and-mayhem pastime at Notre Dame, beginning in the 1860s, was a game called football but which actually was a version of soccer and featured as many as 42 players on a side.

The school's first recorded football game, however, was a match between the Reds and the Blues on September 22, 1879. It was won by the Reds, 2 goals to 1, and the victors celebrated that night with a big barrel of aged cider. The revelry ended after a "kind but firm" admonition from Father Corby, the University president, to cut out the carousing and retire to the dormitories.

Notre Dame football was still limited to intramural games until November, 1887, when Brother Paul, in charge of athletics, received a letter from two former Notre Dame students who were doing graduate work at the University of Michigan. They proposed that Notre Dame organize a rugby team to play the Wolverines, who were planning a barnstorming tour around the midwest. Though the Notre Dame men didn't have the vaguest notion about rugby, they were more than game.

Predictably, spirit alone wasn't enough to compen-

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sate for lack of skill and knowledge. After demonstrating the rudiments of the game in dummy drills Michigan defeated Notre Dame, 8-0, in one "inning" of play.

With the sport generating excitement on the Notre Dame campus, Brother Paul managed to wheedle money from the University administration to outfit a small rugby squad with "canvas jackets and trousers, stockings of the best quality wool and jersey caps." In 1888 Notre Dame played two games with the Wolverines on consecutive days before capacity crowds at the South Bend Greenstockings baseball park, and twice again Notre Dame was defeated, 26-6 and 10-4. An incident in the second game, however, made the home team rather unwilling to acknowledge a double defeat. It seems that a Notre Dame goal was ruled illegal by the referee, who incidentally, was an injured Michigan player named R. S. Babcock. So, Notre Dame claimed a moral victory in the third game.

The first official Notre Dame victory was soon to come—in a 20-0 romp against Harvard School (of Chicago) that same season.

The next year Notre Dame wanted to play Michigan again, but since most of the Michigan varsity had graduated, its challenge was turned down. Thus, almost since the very beginning of Notre Dame-Michigan sports competition—and up to the present day—the relationship between the two universities has been, at the best, strained; at the worst, non-existent.

Notre Dame did get one game that year—meeting and beating Northwestern, 9-0. Then followed a three-year hiatus before the sport was resumed for good in 1892. With the resumption came a nickname—Irish—though the term first had been used in '89 when Northwestern heckled the brawling South Benders. By 1915 the South Bend *Tribune* constantly referred to Notre

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Dame's gridiron representatives as the Irish. Adding the adjective "Fighting" was a natural. Since then, Notre Dame teams unofficially have been called Rockne's Ramblers, Layden's Lancers, Leahy's Lads and Brennan's Boys. But The Fighting Irish is appropriate no matter who the coach, and over the years that name has become virtually official.

After a victory over Northwestern in '92, an editor of the Notre Dame *Scholastic*, the student magazine, wrote: "What the football team needs most is a coacher. They are all strong men and work hard but do not play as scientifically as they might."

In the school's archives there is no mention of a "coacher" until 1894, when J. L. Morrison, a graduate student, taught and trained the team. The first official coach at Notre Dame was Frank Hering, a former star for Amos Alonzo Stagg at Chicago. He assumed the duties in addition to his regular job as an assistant professor of English. At the turn of the century Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin, considered by some as the greatest place-kicker in history, was hired as a full-time coach. But even after that the team captain sometimes was in charge, assisted by ex-players whose eligibility had expired. In 1903, for instance, Louis "Red" Salmon, Notre Dame's first star, served as both captain and coach. Tom Barry of Brown was next, followed in 1908 by Victor Place of Dartmouth and the University of Washington. In 1909, Frank "Shorty" Longman, who had played for Michigan and Fielding H. Yost's "point-a-minute" teams, took over for two seasons, and Jack Marks of Dartmouth succeeded him. In 1913, Jesse Harper, another pupil of Stagg's and previously a coach at Alma and Wabash, was brought in to reorganize the athletic department and build a football team able to hold it's own in inter-sectional games (the only ones Notre Dame could get.) And so in such slow

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stages did coaching at Notre Dame progress from casual to professional.

Then, in 1918, one more stage evolved. Knute Rockne succeeded Jesse Harper and Notre Dame coaching became more than professional. It became artful.

A Winning Tradition Begins

NOTRE DAME was classed with large high schools, small colleges, minor athletic clubs and lesser semi-pro teams during the early few years of its football history.

Only seldom could the Irish get games with formidable rivals such as Western Conference universities, and when they did usually they were defeated.

Playing opponents of their own rank, however, most often they managed to win. They achieved their first season's record in 1893 by beating Kalamazoo (34-0), Albion (8-6), De LaSalle (28-0), and Hillsdale (22-10). Before the turn of the century they won 31, lost 15, and tied 4.

By 1900 they were still not quite capable of matching the power of top-flight teams. That year they whipped Goshen (55-0), Englewood High School (68-0), the South Bend Howard Parks (64-0), Rush Medical (5-0), and Chicago Physicians & Surgeons (5-0). They also battled Beloit, an outstanding regional championship contender, to a 6-6 tie. But they lost to Indiana (0-6), were defeated by a fluke play by Michigan (0-7), and were overwhelmed on a snow-covered field by Wisconsin (0-54).

In '01 Notre Dame started showing more strength. It won eight games, including victories over Beloit

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(5-0), Purdue (12-6), and Indiana (18-5). Though it lost to Northwestern (0-2) and played a scoreless deadlock with South Bend Athletic Club, which starred Notre Dame's own coach, Pat O'Dea, it wound up the season as Indiana state champions.

Among the Irish stars of that robust era were a bruiser named Angus McDonald, who alternated at halfback and quarterback, and huge John "King" Farley, a twelve-letter and future priest who was a holy terror at end and fullback. Then came Louis Salmon, a red-haired strongboy who also began as an end and switched to fullback to become the first Irish player to earn nation-wide renown.

Red Salmon was compact, quick afoot and sturdy. His specialty was bucking, or hurdling the line. Besides, he was a superior punter and place-kicker. In '01, when he was a sophomore, he was "the most brilliant back in the West." As a junior he called signals and was team captain, and he repeated as captain and doubled as coach in his final season.

Harry "Red" Miller, the next great Irish star, who played from '06 through '09 despite his father's argument that football was too rough, was a stalwart on the Irish teams that finally emerged from obscurity into prominence.

Notre Dame football players of that period were rambunctious and rowdy. They needed to be, or else they couldn't enjoy the head-knocking action that characterized the game. Off the field, too, the Irish players vigorously carried on the hell-raising traditions that had been honored by every previous generation of Notre Dame students. Their manners and customs at the training table, for instance, were rather bizarre. They made a habit of flinging slices of toast from one end of the refectory to the other with juvenile zest. And an oft-told tale, which is possibly apocryphal, is that when they started tossing steaks as well, one

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Brother said, "Why, they're not even housebroken."

Football fans from South Bend also displayed similar traits of unbridled behavior. In the East crowds of spectators were decorous and refined while they nibbled watercress sandwiches and dainty pastry and sipped tea or champagne between polite cheers, but in the Midwest pretzels and beer set the mode for more raucous enthusiasm. The circus-type bleachers at Notre Dame's Cartier Field, which were erected in 1900, invariably groaned under the weight of two thousand members of the *hoi palloi* who rode in horse-drawn buggies out to the countryside to share, vicariously, the excitement of combat on the gridiron.

South Bend townsfolk of the sporting stripe were rabid rooters for Notre Dame football teams from the very beginning, and whenever the Fighting Irish played away from home, crowds always cluttered downtown blocks on Main Street to listen to play-by-play reports of the games that were relayed from a clicking telegraph key located in a room upstairs above Jimmy & Goat's Pool Room. Goat Anderson himself, in a stentorian voice, would describe the action to the throng in the street through a megaphone, and shouts and moans in response would indicate how well or how poorly the Irish were doing. On those same occasions Notre Dame students assembled in the campus field house where wild cheers and fight songs echoed in the rafters as a football was moved up and down a giant grid-graph sketched in white chalk marks on the dirt floor as the game progressed.

Between '01 and '09 Notre Dame developed more prestige with each succeeding season. In that span of years its record was 58 wins, 12 losses, and 5 ties. In '03, '07 and '09 opponents of the Irish didn't score a single point, and only a scoreless tie each year (with Northwestern, Indiana and Marquette, respectively) marred those seasons.

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Now the Irish were regarded far and wide as being worthy of the highest ratings. The up-shot was, they had trouble filling their schedule. Chicago had dropped them after '99, Wisconsin after '05, Purdue after '07, Indiana after '08, and when mighty Michigan was stunned in defeat by them in '09 and subsequently shunned them, they were for all intents and purposes blackballed by every important team in their section of the country.

Notre Dame never was able to find an easy way to get ahead.

Oh, That Amateur Code

FATHER Andrew Morrissey, president of Notre Dame from 1893 to 1905, once remarked: "Athletics . . . , to be sure, is subordinate to morals and the attainments of the mind, but the functions (of it) are positive."

One of the positive functions of football at Notre Dame has been to give Irish tempers an outlet—sometimes to the point of passionate indignation.

In the years following the Western Conference's birth in 1896, Notre Dame had been a semi-regular opponent of many of the league's members. It was fairly natural then for the Irish, with desires of affiliation, to apply for membership. Their first request was denied ostensibly because the school was too small. Later, Michigan withdrew from the conference and, when Notre Dame asked to fill the vacancy, it received a second rebuff, this time with the excuse that membership henceforth would be limited to nine universities. The very next year, though, Ohio State was invited into the Western Conference to make it the *BIG TEN*, once again. Notre Dame promptly voiced its resentment.

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"This dispute," said Father Tom Crumley, Notre Dame vice-president, "seems to have been fought on theological grounds rather than athletic."

There was ample testimony to substantiate Notre Dame's suspicions, but nothing further was said about the apparent major cause of the Fighting Irish's ostracism.

Something else that rankled Notre Dame was a rumor that it supposedly had flexible academic standards and eligibility rules for football players. The Irish insisted they complied with the conference code more conscientiously than most of the universities that drafted it and hid behind it. But having no forum in which to argue its case, Notre Dame could only dare its critics to produce evidence. There were no takers.

A climax to this affair came in 1909—the year the Fighting Irish were cited as the "Champions Of The West" by the *Chicago Tribune*.

The Notre Dame backfield in that '09 season was plunger Pete Vaughn at fullback, scatbacks Red Miller and Billy Ryan, and quarterback Don Hamilton. They had a versatile attack that mixed mass plays through the middle and wide sweeps around either end.

On a bleak November afternoon the Irish trotted onto the Ferry Field gridiron in Ann Arbor. By the time they left, Michigan and Notre Dame relations would be at a new low. Michigan scored first on a place kick. Taking the kick off, the Irish went on a rampage. Miller carried and gained yardage ten straight times, dodging and straight-arming his way to the five-yard line.

Hamilton called Vaughn's number for the goal-line plunge, concluding the signals with a perfunctory "Let's see what you can do, you Irish yellow-belly!"

Flushed and furious, Vaughn was all set to punch Hamilton when the ball was snapped to him from

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center. With primitive savagery he lowered his head, catapulted the line and crashed into the goal post with his shoulder, splintering one of the uprights.

After the touchdown Vaughn chased Hamilton up the field until it finally occurred to him that the quarterback purposely had got him angry. Pete calmed down and chuckled at the trickery.

Red Miller used to practice broken-field running for a half-hour every day by letting a dog nip at his heels. It paid off. For the remainder of the Michigan game his fancy footwork kept Wolverines grabbing at his shadow, and set up Notre Dame for another touchdown. The final score was 11-3, giving Michigan its only loss of the season.

Afterward, Fielding H. "Hurry Up" Yost, the Michigan coach, claimed the game was merely a practice scrimmage and not official because Notre Dame supposedly had used ringers in its line-up. Yost said that Ralph Dimick, George Philbrook, and Robert "Chief" Mathews had played college football "for more years than the rules allow." Yost had known beforehand that those players were going to be in the Notre Dame line-up, however, and didn't complain about them until after Michigan was defeated. Then, too, Yost's charge was strange in view of the fact that he had on his squad three over-aged players named Cole, Clark and Thompson who could easily have been termed tramp athletes.

The one-sided quarrel between Michigan and Notre Dame simmered for a year. Anxious to avert a rupture in relations, Notre Dame was willing to do just about anything—anything, that is, short of removing Dimick, Philbrook and Mathews from its roster, which would have been tantamount to an admission of guilt. It submitted, as requested, a list of its players for Yost's perusal. It also had sent its coach, Michigan alumnus

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Shorty Longman, to Ann Arbor in hopes of ending the hassle diplomatically.

Believing that the 1910 Michigan game would be played as scheduled, the Notre Dame team had already left South Bend and was waiting at the Niles, Michigan, railroad station for the train bound for Ann Arbor when it received shocking news. Yost had unilaterally cancelled the game. Needless to say, the Irish felt that they had been treated cavalierly, and that Yost's action was an affront to their dignity.

Later, Notre Dame officials learned that Shorty Longman never got around to having a meeting with Yost while he was at Ann Arbor. He was detained socially. Longman's coaching career at Notre Dame ended at the close of the 1910 season.

For the record, Dimick and Philbrook and Sam Dolan, another member of the Notre Dame team, *had* played football at Whitman College before going to Notre Dame. This was never denied. But Notre Dame contended that Whitman was not an accredited college, and therefore, despite its name, was nothing more than a glorified prep school. In Yost's opinion, that always remained a moot point.

The real implication of Yost's indictment was not that Dimick, Philbrook and Mathews weren't properly enrolled at Notre Dame, but that they were tainted with professionalism. All of them were older than ordinary college students and Yost mistakenly presumed that it had taken some inducement to get them to Notre Dame.

To be candid, absolute amateurism hadn't been adopted in intercollegiate football, either at Notre Dame or any other place. To retain amateur standing players were expected to pay all their own expenses connected with athletics, except the training table meals. This arrangement was supposed to include

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even railroad fares and hotel bills. Such a plan, of course, was totally impractical and the code, originally derived from standards set for wealthy gentlemen at English universities, was relaxed.

Albeit, Notre Dame, which granted scholarships to musicians before it did to football players, didn't attract the mercenary tramp athletes. For one thing, it couldn't afford to pay its players just to have them represent it on the gridiron. Nor did it draw the gypsy athlete who would hop off a passing freight train, draw a uniform, fatten up at the training table and then disappear at the end of the season as casually as he had arrived.

Notre Dame did have an occasional player, though, who couldn't quite pass muster as a bona fide college student. For example, there were three South Bend townies—a fireman named Mike Mortiz, a scion of the wagon (later automobile) manufacturing family named Pete Studebaker, and Walt Muessell, a prosperous brewer's son—who worked out with Notre Dame team and somehow got in the Saturday games. And even George Gipp played a season of freshman ball while taking courses in the Notre Dame prep school to qualify for admission at the University level. All this suggests, then, that Notre Dame was not always innocent of using players of doubtful eligibility.

When Frank Hering went to Notre Dame in 1896 his contract called for teaching English, coaching, and *playing* football—for which he was paid a salary, plus meat and vegetables from the Notre Dame college farm. Earlier he had played football at the University of Chicago, where he graduated. Then he had gone to Bucknell as a combination teacher-player. At Notre Dame he played quarterback regularly for one year before retiring from amateur competition.

Years later, Knute Rockne, Gus Dorais and some of

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their teammates played with the Fort Wayne Friars in the pro league that was the forerunner of the NEL, and they played "Sunday Ball" for the Muessell's Brewery semi-pro club in South Bend.

Dutch Bergman and George Gipp once played under assumed names for the Rockford, Illinois, town team. A Chicago newspaperman covering the game wrote: "... Rockford shifted almost as well as Notre Dame." Gipp also played at least one late-season game on a team he himself organized in Calumet, Michigan, where he had attended high school. In the line-up and getting \$25 apiece for the day's work were Hunk Anderson and Ojay Larson, two of George's hometown cronies for whom he later arranged athletic scholarships at Notre Dame.

Curley Lambeau was a student at Notre Dame for one year, and when he quit college and became organizer-player-coach of the Green Bay Packers, he used many Notre Dame varsity players. One Sunday after the close of the 1921 season Chet Grant was the Packers' quarterback for \$75, while most of the Irish team was in Taylorville, Illinois, playing for pay, against the University of Illinois varsity. Though both teams used pseudonyms, the Taylorville game was a poorly kept secret. The entire Notre Dame first team—most of whom were due for graduation the following June—were recognized, reported and banished from further amateur competition. Ironically, Rockne was the Notre Dame official who had to blow the whistle on the boys even though he himself had been involved in similar shenanigans. Yet, the incident was already common knowledge in intercollegiate circles, so he had no other choice but take action.

Later he told his surprised student secretary, "I'm glad they're gone."

"How come, Rock?" the boy asked. "They were a

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damn good team and in three years they only lost one game for you."

"That's what I mean," Rockne said. "They were *too* good. Why, those guys know more football than I do."

Enter The Rock

KNUTE KENNETH ROCKNE, with a battered satchel containing all his possessions, first rode South Bend's rattling Hill Street trolley on a balmy Indian-summer day in September, 1910. Until a few days earlier the balding, tough-talking 22-year-old Norwegian had planned to attend the University of Illinois. But two friends had convinced him that the \$1000 he had saved while working nights for five years in the Chicago Post Office would last him longer at the small school with 800 students on the outskirts of South Bend. Arriving at Notre Dame, Rockne saw peaceful sights that were to be familiar to him for the remainder of his short but exciting life. There were the dazzling golden dome of Our Lady atop the Main Building; the towering spire of the Sacred Heart Church; the tree-lined walks that criss-crossed the quadrangle and ran alongside the weathered yellow-brick buildings; Cartier Field, and acres of corn stalks. He had come to the place that would provide for him the perfect intellectual, spiritual and athletic climate.

Rockne was born in Voss, Norway, and grew up in Chicago's Logan Square, a neighborhood of Scandinavian and Irish families of modest means. There were plenty of sports opportunities for young Knute

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around Chicago and he boxed at smokers, played baseball in the public parks (getting his nose flattened forever by a bat during a brawl); played sandlot football, and ran the middle-distances and pole vaulted on the Northwest Division High School track team.

One afternoon at Northwest the entire track team cut classes to practice for a meet. Rockne and the others were punished by being transferred to widely-scattered schools in the city. Some of the boys, Rock among them, decided they wouldn't be pushed around that way. They quit school in protest. That ended Rock's high-school education and started him sorting letters and packages.

But he continued to stay in shape for track by sprinting up and down an alley during his lunch hour. He represented the Central YMCA and the Chicago AC and once ran the half-mile in 2:02.

To be admitted to Notre Dame, Rock had to pass a stiff examination. He passed it easily with a grade of 87, seven points higher than was required. His mark was an indication of academic success that was to follow. Choosing chemistry as his major subject, Knute earned a scholastic average of 92.5, more than was required for a *magna cum laude* Bachelor of Science degree and barely shy of *summa cum laude* honors.

When he first entered Notre Dame Rock had to find work, for his \$1000 didn't figure to cover his expenses for four years. He got odd jobs sweeping out classrooms, mending tattered athletic equipment, handing out towels in the gym, cleaning up science laboratories, serving as a waiter in the refectories and dining halls, playing flute in the university band, and stoking furnaces in the dormitories. In return he received his meals and a bed in the large sleeping room in Brownson Hall, the least expensive living quarters on campus.

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Throughout his student years, Rockne also found time to run, vault 12-5 indoors (the intercollegiate record at that time), broad jump and put the shot in track; edit the *Dome*, the college yearbook; act in campus shows; box professionally under the alias Billy Williams in nearby cities; work a shake-down racket on students sneaking through the basement windows of Corby Hall after a night on the town, and play four seasons of football for Notre Dame and, occasionally, for various pro teams.

In his spare hours he studied and became, according to one professor, "the most brilliant chemistry student ever graduated by Notre Dame."

Rock's constant companion at Notre Dame was his roommate, Charles "Gus" Dorais, a fiery and brainy fellow who had also knocked around several years before going to college. Gus, from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, was Rock's corner man in the ring and quarterback on the football team. Working together one summer as lifeguards and food checkers for a resort hotel at Cedar Point, Ohio, Gus threw passes to Knute during all their free time. By fall they had established new techniques for setting stop-and-go, buttonhook and flare-out patterns that would help revolutionize the game.

Gus, a take-charge guy and an inventive football strategist, was a starter on the Notre Dame varsity as a freshman. But Rock, a relative novice at the game, wasn't ready yet. And because of the way Shorty Longman was coaching him he very nearly resigned from the team before his first season started.

Longman preferred players who were big, brawny and powerful. Rockne was short, spidery and shift. Still, Longman tried to make a fullback out of Rockne. Surprisingly, a South Bend newspaper account of the Irish's 48-0 victory over Olivet in the 1910 opener reports: "Rockne proved a good man at full. He

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managed to find his way through the defense many times, but lost many yards by fumbling."

Rockne nevertheless, later wrote that his debut in the backfield was a calamitous, remembering that he dropped a pass and a punt, and froze with the ball in his hands after catching another punt.

Finally, because it was apparent that Rockne was sadly miscast, the bandy-legged, 145-pound bantam was sent to the limbo of the scrubs. And there he stayed for the rest of the season.

It is probable that if Longman had stayed at Notre Dame Rockne would have ignored the posted announcement of pre-season practice in 1911.

One Longman habit was especially irritating to Rockne—his melodramatic reciting of the same locker-room pep talk week after week.

Shorty would stride to the center of the room, assume the stance of a stock company tragedian, and shake his head in rhythm to his roars until his long black hair practically whipped up a breeze.

"Team! Team, today is *the* day! The reputation of your great school is at stake! *You* are its defenders! To do your job you must bleed! I command you to *die* for dear old Notre Dame!"

Rockne, however, did learn to respect Longman's insistence on aggressive play and it would later influence his own coaching theories.

Longman was replaced at Notre Dame by quiet, resourceful Jack Marks, of Dartmouth, who, in 1911, to quote Rockne, "... made us over ... into a slashing, driving outfit, so that we gradually began to be noticed a little beyond the Midwest."

Marks switched Rockne from fullback to end. He also led the Irish through two straight undefeated seasons. Even more important, he started experimenting with pass plays. The forward pass had been legal since 1906 but was seldom used by most teams, except

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in emergencies. With Rockne and Dorais handling the execution, the forward pass was about to undergo an entire change in concept.

The Place: West Point, New York.

The Date: November 1, 1913.

Jesse Harper And The Forward Pass

JESSE HARPER, who became coach at Notre Dame in 1913, had the starched appearance and stuffy personality of a door-to-door Bible salesman. But beneath his vapid veneer was a circus impresario's flair for showmanship.

Since the time of the flying wedge, the clenched-fist straight-arm, and the center-rush, lateral pass plays had been in the Fighting Irish repertoire. The forward pass was legalized after President Theodore Roosevelt directed the Rules Committee to lessen football's brutality and to reduce, if not eliminate, its death rate. Jesse exploited it.

Harper designed the first plays that made dramatic use of the forward pass—plays that had the receiver running full speed downfield rather than standing stationery in a certain zone.

Harper was fortunate to inherit a wealth of player material from Jack Marks. Besides Rockne and Dorais, he had Fred "Gus" Gushurst, tackles Ralph Lathrop and Keith "Deac" Jones, guards Emmett Keefe and Fremont Fitzgerald, center Al Feeney, halfbacks Joe Pliska, Sam Finegan and Arthur "Bunny" Larkin, and the smashing fullback, Ray "Ike" Eichenlaub. Though the forward pass was a major weapon in the Notre

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Dame arsenal, Eichenlaub quickly made Notre Dame fans forget King Farley, Red Salmon, and Pete Vaughn, and his feats weren't equaled until Joe Savoldi, Milt Piepul and Nick Pietrosante starred for the Irish 20, 30, and 40 years later.

Jesse Harper was brought to Notre Dame for a dual purpose—to arrange an extensive intramural sports program, and to schedule varsity sporting events with teams in other sections of the country. Harper was told to get an inter-hall and inter-class competition plan in operation before doing anything else. As far as Father John W. Cavanaugh, president, was concerned, in fact, varsity sports were secondary. Not only did he want athletics to benefit the entire student body but he also reasoned that, considering the problems Notre Dame was having in intercollegiate relations, varsity teams weren't worth the bother. Yet, his pride had been pricked, too, when the Western Conference put the freeze on the Irish, and he was anxious for Notre Dame to prove it could get along as well independently. Hence, the second part of Harper's assignment.

Prior to Harper's arrival, athletics at Notre Dame had continually lost money. Thereafter, football was a money-maker and every dime taken in at the box-office contributed to overall university progress. If not for football, Notre Dame possibly would have remained a little-known institution, famous mainly for Father Julius Nieuwland's chemical research, Dr. Albert Zahm's pioneering in aeronautics and its colleges of law and engineering and Institute of Medieval Studies. But the chances are slight that it could have grown to its present size and stature if Jesse Harper hadn't been hired at a time when Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne were available to throw and catch.

While Harper was busy reorganizing, a chain of events was occurring in the East that suddenly

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changed the course of Notre Dame's destiny. In 1912 Yale and the U.S. Military Academy agreed to halt their football series because too frequently after playing Army the Bulldogs had been so battered that they couldn't beat Harvard and Princeton, and the bruised Cadets had lost three in a row to Navy.

Cadet Harold Loomis, the Army football manager, tried to fill the hole in his 1913 schedule, but was stymied until the new Notre Dame coach wrote that the Irish could accommodate the Cadets. But Harper needed to know how much money Army would guarantee Notre Dame for travel expenses. Jesse's inquiring baffled the cadet because visiting teams always had paid their own way to West Point. However, Lieutenant Dan Sultan, Army's football representative, authorized Loomis to offer \$600, about \$400 less than Harper estimated was necessary. Much correspondence ensued, and after Harper explained that Notre Dame had no funds to spend on the trip, he was promised \$1000. The expenses eventually netted Notre Dame a \$5 profit.

On the day before the game the Fighting Irish—with each man carrying a paper bag stuffed with sandwiches—rode day coaches to Buffalo, then transferred to Pullmans en route to the inaugural of the most colorful and sentimental series in football history.

Contrary to legend, Army expected a tough game from Notre Dame. Charlie Daly, the West Point coach, had sent Captain Tom Hammond to South Bend to scout the Irish the week before. Tom sat behind the "cow pasture" wire fence back of the Notre Dame bench and watched Alma get beaten, 62-0.

Daly also knew that Notre Dame was considered on a par with Wisconsin, the Big Ten champions, and had won its opener, 87-0, over Ohio Northern. Moreover, the Irish were undefeated in twenty-one

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straight games. The New York *Evening Sun* reported: "The Cadets admittedly went on the field with the utmost respect for their opponents already lodged in their mind."

The day was bright and brisk. A breeze down the Hudson River Valley scattered brown, yellow and red leaves across Cullum Hall Field on The Plain. Army kicked off. Probing for soft spots deep in his own territory, Dorais called for direct assaults at the braced Cadet line. On the third play of the game Notre Dame fumbled and Army recovered. On an Army punt Dorais ran the ball out to the Notre Dame 35. Pliska bucked for 5, and on the next play Dorais flipped a surprise forward pass at Rockne. But Gus was rushed and he over-shot his mark—a big break for the flat-footed Cadets.

A punting duel soon developed, with Army gaining on each exchange because of the direction of the gusty wind. Throwing into the wind, Dorais misjudged its velocity and again a pass was too long. The Irish were able to move on the ground at times, but the rugged Army defense appeared to be wearing them down. Knute Rockne, for one, was limping badly. Actually, he was faking. Now Rock side-stepped the Army tackle in front of him. He slowly headed downfield—until he cut behind the safety man. Then he was gone in a burst, racing for a floating spiral from Dorais. Rock hauled it in and never broke stride. Touchdown! Dorais made the extra point: Notre Dame 7, Army 0.

Cadet quarterback Vernon Pritchard went to the air, too. He hit end Jack Jouett on the Notre Dame 15. Paul Hodgson bulled over for an Army score. The kick was missed. When Notre Dame fumbled away the ball again, the Pritchard-to-Jouett combination connected twice and the Irish were backed up against the goalposts. A penalty against Notre Dame placed the ball on the half-foot line. Pritchard sneaked over

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for another six points. The conversion was good: Army 13, Notre Dame 7.

Little time remained in the half. Rockne sprinted deep, drawing the secondary with him; this time the pass was to Pliska in the flat, and Joe spurted for 30 yards. Next, Pliska was covered and Dorais completed a pass to Rockne. Once again Army deployed deep; Dorais threw shallow to Rockne who had doubled back. A third pass to Rockne in that sustained 80-yard drive gave Notre Dame a first down on the Army 5. Pliska took the ball across to tie the score. Dorais drop-kicked and Notre Dame led, 14-13.

In the second half the bewildered Army team improvised a floating defense to protect against passes, and its holding strength in the line was reduced. One moment the air was full of footballs, the next the ground was littered with Cadets bowled over by Ray Eichenlaub. Then it was pass to Rockne, Eichenlaub on a plunge, pass to Pliska, and Eichenlaub again, all through the third and fourth quarters. As though they were making a conscious and final gesture to the old-fashioned mass play that became obsolete in that single afternoon, the Irish sent "Iron Ike" over for two final TD's.

But far and away the most amazing feature of the game was the length and accuracy of Dorais passes. Some of them sailed at least 40 yards, a distance never before attempted. Gus completed 14 of 17 for a total of 243 yards.

Final score: Notre Dame 35, Army 13.

The Irish made just one substitution, and that as the result of an oddity. Sam Finegan snapped a shoe lace and Harper ordered Bunny Larkin to remove one of his and give it to Sam. Larkin refused. Harper had no choice: Larkin went in at right halfback. If Notre Dame had been forced to make wholesale substitutions, there would have been more than shoelaces

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exchanged. There were 18 players on the traveling squad and among them they had only 14 pairs of cleats.

That season Notre Dame faced and beat five new opponents—South Dakota, Army, Penn State, Christian Brothers and the University of Texas—and won all seven games it played.

Jesse Harper had placed Notre Dame stage-center on the national football scene. Its independent status proved to be a boon rather than a handicap. Now rivals seeking publicity would clamor for a chance to play the Irish.

The Notre Dame Shift

IT BECAME obvious that Notre Dame couldn't rest on its laurels if it were to continue winning against the nation's best. Though the Irish had shown what could be done with the forward pass, they didn't have the patent. Army attacked through the air and got quick revenge in 1914 with a 20-7 victory. Yale trounced Notre Dame, too, 28-0.

Following the Yale game, Harper and his new assistant coach, Knute Rockne, introduced a new set of plays, all of which started with a maneuver that soon became famous as the Notre Dame Shift.

As Rockne told it: "We were on our way back from the Yale debacle . . . when Harper called me into his Pullman drawing room. . . . He announced that we had to break into something new, something different in the way of an offense . . . He began drawing marks on a piece of paper, describing a backfield shift similar to what Chicago had used when he was sub-quarterbacking (in relief of Walter Eckersall) for Stagg. Harper's variation was that he made the shift cover over twice as much territory . . . I added the idea of shifting the ends in and out with a stationary line. Mr. Harper wanted the line to shift also; but after a day or two of experimenting, the line from tackle to

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tackle was left stationary. This simple shift was the beginning of what is now known as the Notre Dame offense."

Gus Dorais supplied background information that differed slightly from Rockne's version: "In 1910 Shorty Longman . . . used a T formation (with the quarterback about a yard back of center) and a good deal of tackle-around-tackle offensive plays. Our T was devised more as a power attack than the deceptive brush-blocking attack of today. In 1911 Jack Marks . . . changed our formation into a box (right or left); and to my mind that was the beginning of the Notre Dame style, and it came from Dartmouth. Jesse Harper . . . under Stagg . . . had been taught a shifting style of offense. So he put the shift from the T to the 'box' either way; and as there was no rule on stopping after the shift, we went to town in good shape. Later Rockne incorporated the ends shifting in unison with the backs, and that was it."

And said Jesse Harper: "The only thing that was different in the Notre Dame shift, the only thing original with me, was that we shifted only the backs and used a balanced line." The reason for the Notre Dame shift has been explained by Dr. Eddie Anderson, an end for Rockne (1918-21) and captain his senior year: ". . . deception and concentrated power. The idea is to get the right man in the right place at the right time and in so doing to throw the opposing players, the line especially, off balance to get off to a flying start without taking a penalty, an attempt to get the jump on the opposition."

The basic Notre Dame formation was a double-tandem positioning of the backs, either right or left, with one halfback directly behind center and the other slotted behind the gap in the line between tackle and split end. After the shift from the T, lined up a step nearer the line than the deep halfback and a yard to

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the strong side, the fullback took the same relative position to the blocking halfback on the wing as the running halfback had to the quarterback. In addition, there was the punt formation, from which Gus Dorais, in the deep position, had thrown his passes in 1913.

The Notre Dame shift was a synchronized swing of the backs from the T to the slanted box, done in tempo to the quarterback's voodoo chant—"1-2 1-2 1-2 1-2." Technically, both feet of each player were on the ground, after the step-over and hop, but since the backs didn't come to a complete stop, they had, in effect, a running start. The Irish calculated their cadences so that they were adhering to the letter, if not the spirit, of the rules and howls of protest soon erupted from opposing coaches. In 1916 observers remarked that Notre Dame appeared to be "beating the ball," both in the backfield trampoline-type bounce and in the charge of the line. When Rockne, as head coach, refined and polished the shift, further protests followed, and in March, 1921, the Rules Committee discussed, but did not settle, the dispute.

It was never really Rockne's idea to sustain momentum with the shift, for he was more interested in the precision of its rhythm than in its other aspects. He realized that a fast, light man in the line, for instance, could get the correct angle for a block, and would have the advantage of catching his opponent off-balance. In contrast to more conventional line play, the Notre Dame forwards worked to split holes instead of driving their opponents backward, and a full-speed-ahead sprint could easily penetrate the defense. Before the 1922 season the rule that covered the shift was amended to call for a complete halt in forward momentum between the shift and the snap of the ball. This slowed down the choreography slightly, so Rockne taught his boys to twist their bodies to one side and then back, after their feet had come to rest. The rule's loophole

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led to a major change in 1924. The Committee now specified that all players "must come to an absolute stop . . ."

And the rule became even more explicit in '26 when the words "movement of the feet and swaying of the body" were included in the sub-section of Rule 9. Objections to the shift continued, nevertheless, so an added section, Section 6, and finally a separate rule. Rule 7, Section 2, Article 5, instructed game officials to make sure there was a one-second pause after the hop-and-stop. The penalty for violation was increased from 5 to 15 yards.

Rockne seldom argued about the shift face-to-face with his fellow coaches, possibly because he wasn't so certain that his use of it was entirely correct. Among friends he took the stand: "There's nothing in the rules specifically against it." In 1921 Charlie Daly threatened seriously, though without malice, to pull his Army team off the field in the middle of the game because he thought referee Ed Thorp was being too lenient in his interpretation of the rule. Rock averted further complications by saying, "Forget it, we won't use the shift in the second half." And Notre Dame didn't. Rockne told Frank Thomas, his quarterback, to run all plays from short-punt formation. The Irish scored twice more and won, 28-0.

During Harper's five years as Notre Dame coach (1913-1917) the foundation of the Fighting Irish future was laid. Rockne's contributions were polishing and perfecting Jesse's techniques and adding some filips of his own. Harper-style football incorporated hard, accurate blocking and tackling, and concentration on minute details. Rockne never deviated from Harper's emphasis on fundamentals and his favorite expression in practice sessions was, "Knock 'em up into the nickel seats."

Speed, of course, was the essence of the Notre Dame

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offense under both Harper and Rockne. Irish ball-carriers ran so swiftly that the blockers merely had to brush their men hard once and the backs were gone.

Straight football, deftly played, was Notre Dame's style, and all plays, as Rockne conceived them, were potential touchdowns. Trickery and muscular force were employed in Rock's schemes, but were not essential to them.

In the Twenties Rockne said, "I have a basic type of football which stresses (a degree of) deception and getting the jump on the other fellow. There are seven basic plays. Ten plays are developed for dressing up the show window every season. Each year ten old plays are thrown out and ten new ones are taken on. These ten provide the folderol. There you have the secret."

One play that Rockne always kept was No. 51, an off-tackle run to the strong side. It called for the blocking halfback to hit the end, the end to hit the tackle, and the quarterback, the fullback and the strong-side guard to form a phalanx in front of the deep ballcarrier.

It was used repeatedly in every game from 1916, when Jesse Harper first taught it, until Frank Leahy abandoned the Notre Dame System for the modern T in 1942.

In his first year as Harper's assistant, Rockne had considerable difficulty gaining the respect of the players, most of whom had been his teammates. When he lectured on chemistry in the classroom he was sure of himself, and demanding. But when he put on the same act on Cartier Field, his buddies who knew him as a playful, relaxed guy couldn't quite take him seriously. Soon after he became a coach he was forced to exercise his authority on a friend who challenged his right to give orders. Harper supported Rock when he told the fellow to turn in his uniform. From then on players listened and obeyed when *coach* Rockne spoke staccato commands in his flat, nasal twang.

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Though the players weren't completely impressed by Rockne, Harper was. Jesse admired Rock's leadership ability and his spark-throwing personality. From the beginning it was Rockne's duty to fire up the team in pre-game fight talks, partly because Jesse himself had a high-pitched, pinched voice, but mainly because Rock had a knack for knowing what to say. When a death in his family influenced Jesse to resign and take up cattle ranching in Kansas, he recommended Rockne for the post of head football coach and director of athletics.

"I don't believe I concur with your proposal, Mr. Harper," Father Cavanaugh said.

"I promised him the position three years ago," Jesse said.

"In that case," said Father Cavanaugh, "I guess there's no use in objecting."

During his tenure Harper won 33 games, lost five and tied one. He restored to the Notre Dame schedule the Michigan Aggies in '16, Wisconsin after a 12-year lapse in '17, and Purdue in '18. This led to Rockne's adding Indiana in '19 and Northwestern in '20.

Jesse Harper left Notre Dame at the end of the school year in June, 1918. In the late-Twenties, after striking oil on his Kansas property, he often traveled with the Notre Dame team for the enjoyment he got out of being a Fighting Irishman *emeritus*. Thirteen years after leaving Notre Dame he was to return under sad circumstances.

"Uncle" Knute Needs You!

KNUTE ROCKNE'S first season as head coach of the Fighting Irish almost turned into a fiasco before it began, due, strangely, to Rock's extraordinary gift of gab. It was 1918, a war year. Brass bands blared "Over There" and "Black Jack" Perishing had the Hun on the run on the Western Front. Enrollment at Notre Dame was cut in half as gangs of students, including the majority of the football varsity, heeded James Montgomery Flagg's "Uncle Sam Needs You!" recruiting poster.

That summer Rockne worked as a civilian athletic instructor with the army at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. He had an ulterior motive for taking the job. That was, to hold workouts during off-duty hours for football-playing members of Notre Dame's Student Army Training Corps. The plan worked out well until September when all but two of his players were unexpectedly commissioned as officers.

Rock solved his problem by going into recruiting competition with Uncle Sam. George Gipp helped out by telling him about two tough characters from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, Heartly "Hunk" Anderson and Fred "Ojay" Larson. Soon they, and others like them, were wearing Notre Dame jerseys. Rock lost only

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one game in an abbreviated 1918 schedule, winning four and tying two others.

After the War "Little Dutch" Bergman, Walter Miller, Joe Brandy, Edward "Slip" Madigan, Dave Hayes, Donald "Chet" Grant and others were mustered out of military service to rejoin the ranks of the Fighting Irish.

It was not Rockne's original intention when he graduated from Notre Dame to make coaching his career. His first notion was to study medicine. He applied for admission to the St. Louis University medical school but was turned down because somebody decided the studies would be too taxing if he held a coaching job on the side. A year later, following his marriage to the former Bonnie Skiles, he sent out letters to schools in various sections of the country, mentioning his experience as a coach and stipulating that he would have to work to support himself and his bride. He received a hopeful response from Tulane and was asked to come to New Orleans for an interview. But he didn't have money for the railroad ticket and, consequently, stayed at Notre Dame.

Rockne never lost his desire to enter a profession apart from athletics, though coaching was tailor-made for his talents. He had a thorough grasp of the metaphysics of sport and found football a satisfying means of self-expression. He felt that meeting the challenges of the game, both physical and mental, helped prepare a boy for the buffeting he was bound to take in later life. He didn't claim to be a "character builder," but that is what he was.

Joe Boland, the late sportscaster of Notre Dame football games on the Irish (radio) Network, who was an articulate and perceptive reporter after playing tackle for Rockne in the mid-Twenties and coaching the Irish line under Elmer Layden in the Thirties, once wrote: "To play hard; to win gracefully; to lose as a sportsman—these were basic in the Rockne credo. . . .

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Winning wasn't as important as the manner in which . . . contests were decided by Irish squads, all of which bore the coaching craftmark of the young Norwegian. For Rockne left the stamp of his personality on every player he ever coached, as surely as he did on every team he produced. . . . These are the qualities that made him great: honesty, intelligence, loyalty, integrity, willingness to work; and belief in his men . . . The humorous, penetrating and sometimes acid comments . . . [from him] . . . were savored . . . and remembered by [each] player."

Chet Grant, a Rockne-coached quarterback from an era earlier than Boland's, is another thoughtful commentator on all Notre Dame affairs. Referring to the days when Rockne was assistant to Harper, Grant recalls, "We looked to Jesse for the tactical plan, and to Rock for inspiration. Then, all of a sudden, when Rock was in charge alone, it was as if he had matured overnight. Here he was, just 30 years old, but he had great wisdom even then. I wasn't many years younger than he myself, yet, like the rest of the team, I had a singular respect for him. He was growing fast and we knew it. He always told us to keep our head up and our eyes open, and he followed his own advice. He appreciated the elemental appeal of pursuit and evasion, the distilled, dramatic, primitive pleasure that kids get when they engage in rigorous sporting combat. These are my ideas, too, and it's possible I'm attributing some of my own thinking to Rock. But on the other hand, I was exposed to him for a long time, and these thoughts are what I observed and what I remember of him."

It is to be surmised, therefore, as we search for the magic of the man, that Rockne always had within him the makings of a corner-of-the-mouth spellbinder, supreme football strategist, super-salesman and curbstone psychologist. All his surface values were evident

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early; time nurtured his great humanity and experience made him a superior person.

Rockne's relationship with his first and biggest star revealed still another facet of his personality—compassion.

The star's name: George Gipp.

Gipp, The Gamblin' Man

GEORGE GIPP was an inveterate gambler of the type who would make 12 straight passes in a crap game and still tap out because he couldn't resist the urge to challenge the jinx of No. 13.

The vagaries of dice often cost George his complete bankroll. Once he had over \$2100 stashed in a trunk underneath Hunk Anderson's bed in a Notre Dame dormitory. Three days later George asked Hunk if *he* had any money.

"Only the 70 bucks you gave me for holding your winnings," Hunk said.

"Leave me loan it," George said.

Hunk says that George blew that wad at the crap table, too.

At games where chance was subordinate to skill, George fared much better. He made a comfortable living hustling at pool and three-cushion billiards. Poker was profitable for him, also. So was football—when he bet on himself.

In 32 varsity football games for Notre Dame George scored 58 touchdowns, a pretty good way of protecting his investments.

Gambling was one of the few experiences in life that stimulated Gipp. More than that, it was a part of

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his full-time protest against any rule, social convention or dictate of fate that he regarded as arbitrary. George was a determined non-conformist who displayed the supreme self-assurance of capable young manhood in its prime. All this helped make George Gipp, according to Rockne, "the greatest football player Notre Dame ever produced."

And win or lose at gambling, George's reaction was always the same—a small shrug of his shoulders, a deep drag on his Murad cigarette (its advertising slogan: "Be Nonchalant,") and a faint smile that never showed in his soft, sad eyes.

Gipp was born in Laurium, Michigan, a rugged community in the copper-mining district of the state's Upper Peninsula. He was the next-to-youngest in a robust family of eight children raised under the stern discipline of his father, a Baptist deacon. Attending grade school in his home town and high school in nearby Calumet, he received average grades in studies and superior marks in athletics. Peculiarly, basketball and baseball were his sports than, not football. In basketball, he led the Calumet High team to a 24-1 season his senior year. In baseball, he was a star outfielder who could turn around and catch fly balls behind his back with the slickness of a vaudeville juggler. He was equally sensational at bat. One summer, while playing for the Laurium town team, he hit .494. And they say no one has ever surpassed one long-distance blast of his—one that cleared a road bordering the outfield and landed in a distant clump of trees.

George did play some football at Calumet High, but, being thin and gangling as a teenager, he got banged up too easily to see much sustained action. Later, at Notre Dame, he said he never had played the game, possibly because he didn't want to admit that he hadn't made his high-school starting eleven. It is more likely,

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however, that he wanted to create an aura of mystery about himself.

Like Rockne, Gipp didn't graduate from high school. A few weeks before commencement he got in a scrape with school authorities for committing a prank, and was suspended. Instead of apologizing, George quit school and became a cab driver. In the next four years he drove a dump truck on a road construction job, worked as a lineman for the telephone company, made a little money promoting YMCA basketball games, and generally fell into the rut of shiftless small-town living.

Meanwhile, he became taller, tougher and thoroughly mature in physique and manner. His 6-2 body filled out to 185 pounds of flat muscles, long legs and broad shoulders. His talents grew, too, as he continued to dabble in semi-pro sports. But he seemed to prefer spending long hours hunched over a pool table or slouched low in a chair at an all-night card game. He was a man's man with a pleasant disposition, a calculating approach to friendship, and a practical joker's sense of humor.

In the summer of 1916 George played baseball in Elkhart, Indiana. He had been recruited for the team by Bill "Dolly" Gray, a varsity catcher at Notre Dame. Gray, who later caught in the major leagues, told George he could get him a scholarship at Notre Dame but George wasn't interested.

Returning to Laurium, George mentioned to his brother Alex that he had a chance to go to college and had refused it.

"What was the deal?" Alex asked.

"A full ride for tuition, bed and board, the same that's offered anybody else they want," George said. "For that I'd have to play ball and wait on tables."

"What's wrong with that?"

"It's kid stuff—no money."

"What do you want, egg in your beer?"

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"Look, if I'm a good enough ballplayer to have some college come after me, I figure I'm good enough to play in the minor leagues anyway. That's what I'm gonna do. Next summer I'm gonna give pro baseball a real try."

"It doesn't follow that because a college want's you the pros will. Anyhow, they can find you at Notre Dame just as soon as they can in the bush leagues."

"I suppose so. But still, I can't accept the offer."

"What kind of damn fool reason you got for saying that?"

"Like I say, Notre Dame don't pay money, and I wouldn't be able to hustle them students for the price of a haircut let alone the shave that goes with it."

"Aren't you pleased they asked you to play for Notre Dame?" George's younger sister Dolly asked.

"Oh, sure, that's jake," George said.

"Well then, you're gonna go!" Alex said.

Alex stomped out of the Gipp home, went directly to the corner of the block and borrowed \$50 from the neighborhood butcher. Later, a Calumet cigar store owner and a doctor in Houghton added to the kitty, and George Gipp's last lame excuse for not going to college was erased.

Oddly enough, Gipp never did play varsity baseball regularly at Notre Dame. He went out for the team but refused to take a browbeating from the coach and turned in his uniform. He always was bothered when he had to take orders. Though his nonconformity wasn't appreciated by his coach, his natural ability made a big impression on a Chicago Cub scout one afternoon.

"I was catching," Hunk Anderson remembers, "and I told George every pitch that was coming. He poled one to deep center and whispered to me, 'He'll like that one, huh?' Then he smashed the next one someplace else and said, 'I hope he's got a pen on him so I can

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sign my contract right now.' Then he hit another to hell and gone and said, 'That one makes me think I ought to demand a bonus for signing.'

"There's no doubt about it," says Hunk. "Gipp was a real sharpie."

But there was another side to Gipp, far removed from the cocky demeanor he showed outwardly. At 21, he had first arrived at Notre Dame wearing corduroy pants, a leather jacket and a tweed cap. He was unheralded and uncomfortable in the strange surroundings of a Catholic college. By the time he had paid for his books, supplies and routine expenses and bought himself a new pair of shoes and a razor, he wrote his family that he had 15 cents left.

He wrote another letter, too—this one to a girl:

"I got here alright and got away with a pretty good start. Not so much my fault as the school's . . . I'm in a mood tonight where I'd like to go straight up. I want to come and go when I please. Sometimes I wonder what I'm here for. For awhile I felt decidedly human. But I can't seem to shake this recurring grouch I've got. It isn't a grouch exactly but it's something that makes me feel that I'm all wrong and will stay that way. Don't think that I'm not trying hard to get rid of it. Tonight is the first time I've felt like this since I've been down here. I'd like to give up and quit right now, chuck everything and go anywhere . . . Now I know that I'm unlucky."

So Gipp really wasn't as cool, calm and confident as he pretended. He had the same problems as any boy his age. But he kept a grip on himself and for a while made an honest attempt to masquerade as a college student.

George played basketball during his first winter at

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Notre Dame and ran on a mile relay team in freshman track. But by now football had become his major sport. Legend has it that Rockne discovered him kicking in street shoes one afternoon, and, admiring the lazy spirals soaring 50 and 60 yards, invited George to draw football equipment and report for practice.

In this instance the legend is absolute fact.

A Brief And Bittersweet Life

GEORGE GIPP first made the nation's sports headlines as a freshman—just a few weeks after Rockne convinced him to try out for the team. The Irish frosh had traveled to Kalamazoo, Michigan, to play Western State Normal School (now Western Michigan University). Late in the fourth quarter, with the score 7-7, the quarterback called for a punt. Gipp, the left halfback, in the kicking position, drifted back to the Notre Dame 38-yard line. At the snap from center Irish end Dave Hayes checked the opposing tackle for an instant and then sprinted downfield. He headed straight for the safety man and was shocked to see the Western State player turn his back. Dave was confused for a moment, and wondered why the crowd was cheering.

"What happened?" Hayes asked.

"The sonofagun drop-kicked."

Gipp, unwilling to settle for a tie, had disregarded the quarterback's call and kicked a 62-yard field goal, still the second longest in college history.

He demonstrated his ball-carrying skill later that season when he impersonated cadet Elmer Q. Oliphant in practice the week before the Army game. He slithered through narrow openings in the line and scampered like a runaway stallion once he got in the open. When

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the United States entered World War I the following April and ten Notre Dame lettermen left campus, Gipp's quadruple-threat talents as a kicker-runner-passer-defensive ace figured big in future plans.

But Gipp's periods of restlessness sometimes made it doubtful if he would ever play varsity ball. He hung around Hullie & Mike's, Jimmy & Goat's, Schaefer & Platner's, Goldie Mann's, and McInerny & Doren's—pool halls that provided him with an atmosphere he preferred and an opportunity for earning spending money. With a cue stick in his hands, George was, as always, the epitome of poise and finesse. He quickly got to be known as a shark and he had to switch to the more difficult game of billiards, with the Oliver Hotel as his headquarters. Eventually he moved out of his campus dormitory and shared a suite of rooms in the hotel with his buddy Peaches Donnolly. Poker and rummy games with traveling salesmen and the upper crust of the South Bend sporting gentry easily took care of the rent.

When the football team assembled in 1917 George was among the missing, and the rumor spread that he, too, was in the army. Rockne phoned Laurium and came away even more worried. Gipp's family hadn't heard from him all summer.

Rockne finally learned that George was playing for the Simmons Baseball Club in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and chased up north to sell Gipp on returning.

Rock had a deep-rooted affection for George, and he thought as highly of the boy's intelligence as he did of his athletic ability. Gipp resisted Rockne's usual psychological devices and laughed off the coach's petulant sarcasm. Rock could deal with George only by being completely straightforward with him. The result was a unique rapport. "We need you in the backfield, George," he told Gipp.

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Replied Gipp: "Since you put it that way, Rock, when does the next train leave?"

George's first varsity season was cut short when he was thrown against an iron stanchion and broke a leg. After a stay in the hospital he went home to Laurium on crutches. The accident made him exempt from the draft and the following fall he was back at Notre Dame.

At mid-season Ring Lardner, a one-time South Bend sportswriter, wrote: "... Notre Dame has one signal—pass the ball to Gipp and let him use his own judgment."

Gipp overshadowed everybody on the 1919 team of war-hardened veterans that was acclaimed Western Champions after an undefeated, untied season. Among the Fighting Irish's victims were Nebraska, Indiana, Army, the Michigan Aggies and Purdue.

Though Gipp was elected captain for the 1920 season, he didn't serve in that capacity. In fact, he nearly didn't play football for Notre Dame at all that year. He did, however, almost play for Michigan. But after a couple of weeks in Ann Arbor he decided that a University of Detroit proposition was better, and he planned to go there after playing summer baseball for the Buick-Chevrolet team in Flint. Another offer, and perhaps the most attractive, was one he didn't find out about until it was too late. General Douglas MacArthur, Superintendent at West Point, had initiated a policy of recruiting outstanding athletes because he was convinced they made the best officer material. And so Captain Philip Hayes, in charge of the Army Athletic Association, on July 27, 1920, sent a telegram to Laurium informing George that an appointment to the Military Academy could be arranged if he was interested. But since his family again had lost track of him, they didn't know where to forward the message.

Why this sudden interest in Gipp by other schools? Well, Gipp supposedly had left Notre Dame for good—

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at the administration's request. He had cut more classes than the rules permitted, but the final straw was his being picked up in the Tokyo Dance Hall, a shady South Bend establishment that was strictly off-limits to Notre Dame students. Gipp was summarily dismissed from the university and his football captaincy was passed on to Frank Coughlin.

It was a trying and mixed-up period that George was going through, made even more so by an ill-fated romance. He wanted to marry a girl he loved. But he couldn't. She was already married, though separated from her husband. Besides, her family thought he was a bum, and her annoyed father even managed to have George thrown in jail overnight in trying to get rid of him.

George lost all his buoyancy and acted as if he couldn't care less about his expulsion from Notre Dame. Yet, when Rockne went to Flint to tell him that the faculty was willing to consider his reinstatement, if he first passed a comprehensive oral examination, he went back. Rockne persuaded him by promising him a job as his assistant while he attended law school.

In the opinion of George's professors, he could have been a straight-A student if he only had made the effort. He had a remarkably facile mind, and great comprehension of the nuances of law, his academic major. Now, perhaps, he was prepared to apply himself, make up for wasted time, and then go on to professional school.

Rockne paced up and down in his cubby-hole office while George was having the book thrown at him by a faculty committee. When George went to Rock after hours of high-pressure questioning, the worried coach removed the stub of a shredded cigar he had been chewing and asked, "How did it go?"

"I passed," said Gipp.

That was three days before the opening game of the

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1920 season. In the first quarter of that game, against Kalamazoo, Gipp asked for time out and the team gathered around him so he could vomit without the crowd seeing him. As the weeks went by, and Notre Dame beat Western State, Nebraska and Valparaiso, Gipp's physical condition improved little, but he was still the same dazzler as long as his strength held out.

The night before the Army game Gipp went into Highland Falls, New York, the small village outside the South Gate at West Point. He headed for the local gamblers' hangout, Matt Ryan's pool room. He took a stick and practiced a while and then innocently inquired about the odds on the game. Before the night was over he had taken all the action around, covering the bets with a bagful of money South Benders had given him for that purpose.

While Army and Notre Dame were warming up before the game, fans saw an unforgettable demonstration of drop-kicking. Russell "Red" Reeder, the Cadet kicking specialist, and Gipp matched kick for kick until, moving far back to the 40-yard line, Reeder retired to the sideline. Gipp sauntered to the mid-field stripe and called for four footballs. He boomed two kicks over one cross-bar and turning around, did the same at the opposite end of the field—four perfect 50-yard drop-kicks that tingled the spines of those who appreciated the beauty of Gipp's performance.

In the opening quarter of the game, Army scored almost as soon as it got the ball. Charlie Lawrence went over from 15 yards out after Walter French had sped 40 yards—directly past Gipp, who made no attempt to stop him.

Gipp was conserving his energy for the Notre Dame offensive. After Army made the extra point, George received the kick-off and ran it back to the 28-yard line before stepping out of bounds. Two plays later Gipp

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gained six to the 50 where he was buried beneath a pile-up.

He wiggled free of the tangle of arms and legs, tore off his headgear and started throwing punches. He appeared to be challenging the whole Army team to a free-for-all. Hunk Anderson, to whom Gipp usually left the "police" work, rushed to the center of battle to find out the trouble.

"That bastard kneed me in the head," George said, pointing to a Cadet he had just shoved.

"You're out of the game, Gipp," referee L. H. Andrews said.

"Like hell he is," Hunk screamed. "If he goes, we all go."

Reconsidering, the referee paced off a 25-yard penalty.

The stiff penalty spurred Notre Dame on. Gipp rounded right end through an open field for 15. Johnny Mohardt carried next, then Joe Brandy on a quarterback keep. Fumble! It was Gipp who recovered. A pass—Gipp-to-Mohardt—set up the touchdown lunge through the middle of the line by Mohardt. Gipp tied the score with a drop-kick.

Between quarters Notre Dame ran over to its bench and changed shoes. The Irish had been wearing rectangular, blunt cleats suitable for a dry surface. For the rest of the afternoon they used long, conical ground-grippers that avoided mud-clogging in the soft turf.

French soon punted from his end zone. Gipp, at safety, gauged the distance of the kick and backed up to his own 35. Suddenly, he sprinted forward, grabbed the ball at full speed and scampered to the Army 38. Two plays later George whipped a pass to Rog Kiley, who slipped behind the secondary, and Notre Dame's second TD was on the board. Again Gipp booted the extra point.

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But Army quickly retaliated with another TD and a 21-yard field goal. The Irish went to their dressing room trailing 17-14.

Open gambling at West Point football games was commonplace and for the Notre Dame game business was better than usual. Card tables were placed behind the stands to make transactions easy and between halves a cohort of Gipp's covered all bets on Army. Then he wandered through the stands offering to make book for anybody left with loose change.

Between halves Gipp bummed a cigarette and stood near the door, blowing the smoke out into the hallway.

Rock was chewing the team out thoroughly. Spying the inattentive Gipp, he yelled, "George, you don't seem much interested in the outcome of our game."

"You're crazy as a loon, Rock," Gipp said. "I've got a bundle riding on this one."

And he did, too, including one bet that he himself would score more points than the entire Army team.

The third quarter was a standoff, and it ended after Gipp danced to the Army 20. When the goals were reversed it was Gipp off tackle on a fake, while Mohardt, with the ball, pranced into the end zone. Gipp and his radar-like toe made it Notre Dame 21, Army 17.

Gipp picked up 50 yards on a punt return. And on a fake criss-cross, Gipp around one end and Mohardt around the other, Chet Wynne thrust through the middle for another touchdown. Gipp, exhausted, went to the sideline. After that there was no more scoring. Final score: Notre Dame 27, Army 17.

With his brother Alex watching from the stands, George Gipp had played his greatest game. He had gained 124 yards from scrimmage, thrown passes for 96 yards, and run back kick-offs and punts for 112 yards: 332 yards accounted for by one badly out-of-shape young man.

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Occasionally Gipp's love for Notre Dame and repressed enthusiasm for football broke through his restraint. As a spectator in the latter stages of that game he behaved as nobody had seen him behave before.

Father Charles L. O'Donnell described what he saw: ". . . Gipp was on the bench, completely drained by the efforts he had put forth for that dream of love and loyalty that makes up a college man's devotion to his team and his fellows. He had done everything that any football player had ever done, and he had done it better. Darkness was rolling in on bitter winds that swept the plains of West Point as he sat there, in his blanket, relaxed, silent, crying a little, I think. Then, suddenly he was on his feet; he leaped onto his bench, the blanket falling from his shoulders. Wynne, our fullback, had made one of those sudden, amazing cuts through the line, good for 15 or 20 yards. In a voice that could be heard, it seemed to me, above the roar of that crowd, Gipp shouted, 'Yeah, Chet!' as he stood there, self entirely forgotten, quivering . . . with joy and loyal pride in that achievement of his teammate."

One of the persons Gipp had bet with that day was Harry Tuttle, the Army trainer. When the game ended George walked toward the Academy gym. Tuttle ran up to him and said, "Here, George, the ten bucks. You won this all by yourself." Gipp accepted the money and passed it on to one of a group of admiring young boys at his side. "Kid," he said, "take this and go get something good for you and your pals."

Though he had lost his big bet—that he would score more points than the Army team—and though he was almost broke, he had no regrets. He had sacrificed himself the best way he knew how—for the team.

He did collect some money from Easterners, however. Everybody on the team did, in fact, with the exception of Chet Wynne, a Baptist minister's son who hadn't had any money to bet. During the trip home

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George heard about Chet's lack of funds and went up and down the cars assessing his teammates for a percentage of their winnings. Then he put some of his own money in the collection hat and gave the receipts to Wynne, saying, "You earned it."

The following week, in Notre Dame's first Homecoming game, Gipp ran 70 yards against Purdue. But the play was called back. George said to the referee, "I'll tell you what—next time blow your whistle once for me to go and twice for me to stop." Then, on the very next play, he ran 85 yards—the same distance plus the penalty—to lead Notre Dame to a 28-0 victory.

Against Indiana the next Saturday, Gipp injured his arm and collarbone early in the first quarter and sat out the rest of the half on the bench. Between halves Rockne taped him from wrist to shoulder, and Gipp finally got back on the field in the fourth quarter. But he was doing poorly. Quarterback Brandy called for the other back to carry and Gipp got riled. He checked signals on play after play. Rockne noticed that something was amiss. He waved for time out and Brandy went to the sideline for a conference. Finally Rock yelled at Gipp, "You follow orders, and no monkey business!" In Rock's book, the quarterback was the boss.

The Irish scored, but still they were losing. The next time they had possession they advanced to the Hoosier 1-yard line.

Again there was an argument between Gipp and Brandy. A Notre Dame player lay on the ground, apparently knocked unconscious. Brandy hollered at the guy to get up, and Gipp protested that he couldn't. "There's nothing wrong with him, I tell ya," Joe said, and the Indiana players relaxed to enjoy the dispute. "Watch, I'll ask him. Are you hurt, chum?"

And that was the signal for the pass from center, the

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ball to Gipp. George smacked into the line, forgetting his pain. The game was won, 13-10.

George's sister Dolly, now a librarian in Evansville, Indiana, was in Indianapolis to watch her brother play. George had reserved a room for her at the Claypool Hotel, and on the Sunday morning after the game he went there to soak his aching, emaciated body in her bathtub. Dolly could sense something wrong.

"You're awfully quiet, George," Dolly said.

"Am I?"

"Anything bothering you?"

"Just the same old things."

"You seem changed, George."

"Do I?"

"You're just older maybe."

"Yeah, I guess that's it. I'm getting on in life, y'know."

George left to see his girl and came away from the meeting unhappy. Instead of getting off the train with the team at South Bend that night, he rode on to Chicago and went on a three-day drunk. When he returned to Notre Dame he had a cold. George reported to the college infirmary and mentioned to the doctor that his throat was swollen and tender.

"You're sitting out the Northwestern game," Rockne told George.

"That's jake with me," George said.

"Feel well enough to come along with us?" Rock asked.

"Sure," said Gipp.

"Good. At least we'll give the people who pay the money a look at you, huh?"

"Anything you say, Rock."

But the fans in Evanston demanded more than a look. "We Want Gipp . . . We Want Gipp . . . We Want Gipp!" they chanted continuously in unison.

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"What do you say, George?"

"Why not?"

Gipp threw two passes and on a punt run-back was tackled gently by a Northwestern end who could see that George was ill. That was all Rock could bear to watch. George trudged off the field never to play again.

At the annual South Bend banquet for the Notre Dame team Gipp left before the speeches, borrowing a handkerchief from Chet Grant to smother his hacking cough on his way out. The following Saturday, when the Irish were in East Lansing, to play the Michigan Aggies, Gipp lay in St. Joseph's Hospital. His name was on the critical list.

Priests from Notre Dame came to see him and so did Hunk Anderson.

"The padres are really working on me, Hunk," George said.

"Holding out?" Hunk asked.

"You know me," Gipp said in a rasping voice.

In the privacy of his hospital room George began to equate death with damnation, and he had long conversations about the immortality of the soul with the nun who nursed him.

Gipp lapsed into a coma. Conditional Baptism was given him by Father Pat Haggerty, along with conditional absolution and the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, the last rites of the Catholic Church.

A soft, silent snowfall added to the hushed atmosphere that pervaded South Bend on the bone-chilling evening of December 13, 1920. Students from Notre Dame knelt in the drifts on the grounds of the hospital and recited the Rosary. At the end of a gloomy corridor inside, Gipp's mother sat sobbing next to her son Matt and her daughter Dolly. Downtown at the Oliver Hotel, grim men shuffled cards and rolled dice. They, too, were on the death watch.

It was past midnight when the desk clerk at the

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Oliver flicked the switch that controlled all the lights in the hotel—a signal that Gipp was dead.

Among George Gipp's possessions when he died of a systemic streptococcus infection was a poem written for him by the girl he loved and who loved him in return. It was tucked in an otherwise empty wallet. Also, there was a telegram from Bill Veeck, Senior, confirming an agreement that Gipp was to paid \$3500 in his rookie year with the Chicago White Sox plus another \$1500 if he should make the starting lineup.

Rockne was one of the last to speak to Gipp before he became delirious.

"It must be tough to go, George," he said.

"What's so tough about it?" said Gipp with a lopsided grin.

"Outlined Across A Blue-Gray October Sky . . ."

ALTHOUGH there was no individual of Gipp's All-America calibre in the 1921 Notre Dame lineup, most of the players were returnees from the team that had stormed to a second straight perfect record and Western Championship. Now the sports world began to pay attention to Knute Rockne. Going into the season's third game, he had a winning streak of 20 games an unbeaten streak of 22. Then Iowa's great Duke Slater single-handedly bowled over the Irish and Rockne lost one, 10-7. But Notre Dame regained its stride and wound up with a 10-1-0 record; for the third time in succession it was awarded the mythical Western Championship title. It was rated better than any team in its section, if not the entire country.

An outstanding football team generally reflects the personality of its coach, and the Notre Dame eleven was no exception. It was a daring team that relied on thinking rather than thumping. Rock drove the Irish through the drudgery of practice like a mule-skinner; on Saturdays he lifted their spirits to the summit.

Rockne found in football the ideal instrument for releasing his creative urges. He demanded precision of execution and emotional involvement from his players, and the crowd could sense that his Notre Dame teams were something special.

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Rockne suffered almost unbearably during a game, and often his close friends worried about his ability to withstand the nervous strain. But to the world at large he was brash without being abrasive, knowledgeable without being overbearing, and pleased with popularity without being gloating.

Biff Jones of Army said about him: "... It was before the days of big football and Rockne was at once the baggage handler, trainer and rubber as well as coach. His remarkable capacity for work and his great energy enabled him to do all these things (during a game), and the same evening to enthrall a roomful of people through his personality and wit. He was a raconteur and humorist without peer. A long evening ... in the Bachelor Building (at West Point) ... was always a routine part of his visit. He fairly scintillated on those occasions and those of us present will never forget them."

But nobody can remember ever hearing Rockne laugh. He generated a jolly feeling whenever he held sway, yet the spirit of rollicking fun couldn't penetrate his guard. He was too intense to allow frivolity to interfere with the serious business at hand—entertaining his audience.

Where other coaches were showmen, Rockne was a dramatist. He produced colorful spectacles full of pageantry, pomp, ballyhoo and magnetism. His theory that every play should be a potential touchdown put a premium on savvy and sparkle.

And in 1922 Rockne had on his squad four young men who were to execute his theories perhaps better than even he had ever dreamed. They were the Four Horsemen.

Harry Stuhldreher, a clever field general and expert passer, originally intended to go to Princeton after graduating from Kiski Academy, but finally decided on Notre Dame. One of the principle reasons: As a kid in

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Massillon, Ohio, he had been allowed to carry Rockne's helmet as a pass to get beyond the gatekeeper when the Irish coach occasionally played for the Massillon Tigers. From then on he fiercely admired Rock and never really intended to play for anyone else.

Elmer Layden, who started out alternating between quarterback and left halfback but was transformed into a fullback when Paul Castner broke his leg in the Butler game in '22, went to Notre Dame on the recommendation of Walter Halas, his high school coach at Davenport, Iowa. Layden, a track star, was a prancer who charged through the line in short, choppy steps.

Jimmy Crowley, the left halfback, had been a star in high school at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Curley Lambeau had touted him on Notre Dame, a completely unnecessary effort. "Sleepy Jim," who always appeared to be either dozing on his feet or daydreaming before the snap by center Adam Walsh, became wide awake as soon as he felt the touch of leather in his hands. He was the fastest man in the backfield and could zoom like a bat through the smallest gaps in the line. When he ran he appeared to be all hips, and his loose-jointed gait was the Irish's greatest ground-gaining asset.

Don Miller, the right halfback, was the fourth brother in his Defiance, Ohio, family to play at Notre Dame. Red, Ray and Walter preceded him and Gerald, a fifth Miller brother, followed. Don was tall, slim and fleet-footed, and though his position called for more blocking than ball-carrying, he was a swift, knee-high slasher whose favorite play found him stationed deep in the running spot. Rockne later named him to his personal all-time Notre Dame team.

Many experts believe that only Rockne could have taken this quartet (average weight: 161 pounds) and made it into a championship unit. Each back was smart, quick and talented, but knowing how to use

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them was the trick. Rockne meshed them into a machine that was geared for glory.

The Four Horsemen made their debut as a unit with a 19-0 win over Carnegie Tech near the close of the 1922 season. In '23 they trounced eight opponents, played a scoreless tie with Army, and lost to Nebraska, 14-7. In 1924 they got revenge from the Cornhuskers, 34-6, and went on to become Notre Dame's first National Champions.

Following Notre Dame's 13-7 victory over Army in 1924 Grantland Rice, pounding a typewriter in the Polo Grounds press box, wrote possibly the most famous lead ever in sports journalism:

"Outlined across a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again today . . ."

That was how they got their name, and later the burly boys in their line were called *The Seven Mules*.

The climax to their careers came on New Year's Day, 1925, when they met Pop Warner's Stanford team, starring Ernie Nevers, in the Rose Bowl. It was the only post-season game Notre Dame has ever played, and one that was booked because Notre Dame needed the money to build a basketball court.

That Rose Bowl game was a test of two football systems—the Warner System vs. the Rockne System. Rockne started his shock troops—the heaviest, roughest contingent on the squad—to soften up Stanford before the lightfooted Horsemen-Mules took over. But Ernie Nevers—running, kicking and passing—was too much for them to handle. The Indians struck fast and crossed mid-field before being stalled by brutal line-clogging. Stanford missed on a 45-yard field goal try, but within a few minutes Don Miller had fumbled on his own 17 under the impact of a crushing tackle and the Indians were in scoring position again. The throttling in the line continued and Stanford kicked for three points.

The kick-off sailed over the goal line and Notre

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Dame lined up and shifted at the 20. Layden lurched for three. Then Crowley, keeping apace of a thundering herd of Horsemen and Mules that cleared his path, galloped for 27 more. Two plays later Jim cut back over center for another 20. Miller and Layden were a one-two punch to the Stanford nine, but that's as far as they went. Stanford punted out of danger, and the Irish had to start all over again from 32 yards out.

The running backs, Crowley, Layden and Miller, took turns and advanced to the seven. Elmer broke through on the second play of the second quarter, to make the score 6-3. Crowley's attempted conversion was blocked.

The next time the Irish got the ball they were contained deep in their own territory. Layden then proved the punt's value as an offensive weapon and boomed a 72-yard kick for a touchback. Nevers & Company battered its way to the Notre Dame 31. Six to go on fourth down.

On the Notre Dame bench Gus Dorais yelled at Rockne, "Hey, look, will ya? Layden is out of position."

"Yeah? By golly, you're right," said Rockne.

Rockne always used a seven-man line and a 1-2-1 (diamond) defense, with the center occasionally sharing the secondary chores with the fullback, who ordinarily patrolled the middle. The halfbacks were 10 yards farther back and outside the ends, while the quarterback was at safety, close in on running situations and about 20 to 25 yards deep when punts or passes were expected.

This time Adam Walsh, the center and captain, was still in the line, and Elmer Layden had drifted wide, almost opposite the wingback.

Nevers got the snap from center, stretched to his full height and flipped a forward into the flat. Layden cut between the passer and the intended receiver, leaped up and deflected the ball with his fingertips.

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He ran after it and it dropped to him just as he hit his full stride—behind the Stanford backfield.

Ed Hunsinger, the end, and Jimmy Crowley ran escort behind him, and Elmer dashed down the side line to the end zone. Crowley made the extra point.

Rockne said to Dorais, "What was that you were saying?"

"Never mind," Dorais said sheepishly. "I just thought you might not know how Elmer was going to be able to intercept that pass, that's all."

"Oh," said Rockne, rolling his cigar across his lips.

Pop Warner now pulled out all the stops. He tried every fancy play in his sizable catalogue. With Nevers driving or faking into the line, and using reverses, end-arounds and delayed bucks, the Irish were reeling. It looked as if an Indian touchdown was inevitable when Nevers connected on a 25-yard pass to the Notre Dame 10. Then Adam Walsh, a Hollywood, California, boy playing before his neighbors in Pasadena, recovered a fumble as the half ended.

Stanford had to gamble heavily in the third quarter; nothing paid off. They missed two field goal attempts from 32 and 45 yards. Layden punted and there was a fumble that Hunsinger scooped up and carried 20 yards for another Notre Dame touchdown.

In a stone-wall goal-line stand, Johnny McMullan of the Irish, a reserve tackle, twice held Nevers on the two-inch line. Notre Dame took possession. With only 25 seconds remaining in the game, Layden stole another Stanford pass and ran it back 70 yards for his third touchdown of the day. Final score: 27-10.

The Notre Dame Victory March shook down the thunder from the sky for the Four Horsemen, the Seven Mules and Knute Rockne.

The game statistics showed that Notre Dame was outplayed. Stanford had marched 17 first downs to seven; netted 172 yards rushing to 127, and 126 pass-

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ing to 52. All told, the Indians accumulated 298 yards to the Irish's 179.

Afterwards, Pop Warner proposed the the rules be changed and points be given for first downs as well as touchdowns, field goals and conversions.

"I think that's a good idea," Rockne said. "I'll even campaign for votes on the Rules Committee for it—right after they give points in baseball for men left stranded on the bases."

One particular benefit derived from Notre Dame's football success during the Four Horsemen years is often overlooked today. Earlier the famed Notre Dame family atmosphere had vanished, for the school had grown too large for close-knit relationships. Now the football team provided a cohesive force that brought back the old-time camaraderie.

Following graduation, each of the Four Horsemen remained in football in one capacity or another; all of them coached.

Don Miller stayed in for the shortest time, coaching part-time while attending law school. Elmer Layden studied law, too, and got his degree, but like Harry Stuhldreher and Jim Crowley, he continued coaching for a while.

Layden coached at Columbia College (Loras), Duquesne, and then was Rockne's successor, once removed, at Notre Dame. Stuhldreher coached at Villanova and Wisconsin, and Crowley at Michigan State and Fordham.

In February, 1941, Layden resigned from Notre Dame to become Commissioner of the National Football League, and in the years immediately after World War II, Crowley filled the same position with the short-lived All-America Conference. Later, Crowley was head coach of the now-defunct pro Chicago Rockets, and he severed all connections with the sport

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shortly before Stuhldreher, the last to leave the game, resigned at Wisconsin.

Today Don Miller is a former United States Attorney for the Northern District of Ohio and partner in a Cleveland law firm. Jim Crowley is an executive with a television broadcasting company and Chairman of the Pennsylvania State Boxing Commission. Harry Stuhldreher is assistant to the vice president of the United States Steel Corporation. Elmer Layden has become a railroad equipment salesman in Chicago, and usually he is too preoccupied with business to talk about the old days.

The Four Horsemen made their final appearance during a benefit game played by a group of Notre Dame All-Stars in New York City for Mayor Jimmy Walker's Unemployment Relief Fund late in 1930. Six years had thickened their waists, thinned their hair and slowed their steps, but they were the center of attention as they went through the motions in a creaky imitation of their once-sprightly selves. A few months later they sat in pews at Sacred Heart Church on the Notre Dame campus and prayed together for their dead coach whose body lay in a casket down the center aisle.

Notre Dame's football popularity soared to a peak when the Four Horsemen played. Public enthusiasm for the Fighting Irish was, and still is, sustained, but never again did it approach the frenzy of the mid-Twenties. Stuhldreher, Layden, Crowley and Miller: they remain symbols of something simple and innocent—good clean fun in hard-fought sport.

Anybody Got A Ticket?

THE heady wine of success Knute Rockne enjoyed during the days of the Four Horsemen soon began to give him a hangover. In 1925 Notre Dame lost two games, tied one. Considering its eight victories, the record was not a disgrace. But better results were expected of the Fighting Irish.

Rockne harped on the principles of play he had always used. He said, "A team that can block can score, and a team that can tackle can keep the other team from scoring." He also emphasized his most important maxim: "Control the ball." He was asked why his teams didn't have many expert field-goal kickers, and he answered, "It takes three of those kicks to beat a touchdown."

But whereas he once had been enthusiastic about his team's prospects, now he formed the habit of being non-committal. Moreover, he became grumpy and less lavish with his praise.

Rockne always had been adroit when it came to getting the best out of a boy, yet when observers reviewed the past they realized that sometimes he had been downright cruel. Good sportsmanship was his credo, but he on one occasion made a fool of Harry O'Boyle, whom he assigned to work the chains with

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the head linesman even though he knew friends from the kid's hometown had made a special trip to see him play. Deflating egos was certainly proper in some situations, but Rock's motives were sometimes questioned. He once placed a third-string line in front of the Four Horsemen, and when his stars were being stopped in their tracks, heckled them from the sidelines: "... Show 'em your clippings, they probably don't know who you are." Then, in the heat of an Army game, he picked up the water bucket and threw its contents at a West Point player.

People began to suspect that perhaps Knute Rockne wasn't exactly a saint. After stating publicly that he would not leave Notre Dame under any circumstances, he secretly carried on negotiations to coach at Columbia, Princeton, Iowa and Ohio State. He even entered into a contract with Columbia that he never fulfilled. The priests at Notre Dame, too, thought he was acting out of line and the alumni sometimes tended to be outspoken in criticism of some of his faults.

But Rockne wasn't afraid to admit a mistake. As quick as he was to ride a player unmercifully, he was quicker to soothe hurt feelings with a pat on the back and a flood of kind words. He acknowledged that his actions often had been rash, and he asked forgiveness with sincere humility. He apologized when he offended anyone, and did what he could to make amends.

All of which illustrates that Rockne was a decent person with ordinary flaws, foibles and frailties. After he got over the exciting flush of first fame, Rockne was decidedly more human, mellow and moderate.

Rock knew, however, that some envious members of the coaching profession were ganging up on him, and he employed his caustic wit as a weapon against them. When he was told that the rule governing the use of the shift had been amended, and that now the referee would have to count "1-2-3-4" slowly between

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the hop-and-stop and the pass from center, he said, "Sure, that's okay with me—but what if he stutters?"

In 1926 Notre Dame inaugurated one of its favorite rivalries, the still-existent one with the University of Southern California. Howard Jones had moved from Iowa to coach Southern Cal, and as soon as he was able he booked the Irish for a game in Los Angeles. Rockne welcomed the chance to appear again before West Coast fans who had been so hospitable during the Irish's Rose Bowl visit. It was agreed that a late-season meeting would be best, and the game was scheduled as the season's finale for both teams.

A crowd of 74,378 witnessed the game, which was judged a natural. Notre Dame's record had been marred only by a 19-0 upset loss to Carnegie Tech. The Trojans had an identical 8-1 record, their only defeat being by Stanford, 13-12.

The game was fought grimly. In the closing minutes Notre Dame trailed by one touchdown. The time was ripe for the transformation of a Notre Dame substitute named Art Parisien into a star of the first magnitude.

Parisien was a stubby 5-7, 145-pounder with a heart condition who had played only half the season. With the score 12-7, Art threw to Johnny Niemiec and the Irish were 20 yards from the Trojan goal. He tossed a second spiral to Niemiec and the game was won. Final score: 13-12, Notre Dame.

In 1927 the Irish again closed out the season against USC. Because it was the Trojans' first appearance in the Midwest Soldiers Field in Chicago was rented. However, it was thought unlikely that the stadium could be filled. Therefore, Rockne, always a guy to throw a party, invited all the coaches and players in the Big Ten, whose seasons had ended, to be his guests. The day of the game found the guests in the uppermost rows of seats. All the others were occupied by paying customers.

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The game was won by the Irish, 7-6, when Ray "Bucky" Dahman's extra point proved to be the margin of victory.

The crowds that came to see Rockne's Ramblers play in 1927 were a constant reminder that the need for a new stadium on the Notre Dame campus was greater than ever. Cartier Field had been enlarged to seat 30,000 spectators, but the ticket sale was always over-subscribed. Aside from the detail of missed gate receipts, the rickety wooden stands into which the fans jammed themselves presented an ever-present danger. A plan was proposed whereby reserved boxes in a new stadium might be purchased for \$1000 apiece and would entitle the buyers to seats at all home games for the next 20 years. In 1929 blueprints were drawn for an \$800,000 structure designed to accommodate 54,400 customers. Notre Dame football was now both big time and big business.

On the road, too, the Irish packed them in. The '27 Army game, won by the Cadets, 18-0, drew capacity at Yankee Stadium, and 114,000 fans shoe-horned themselves into Soldiers Field to watch the Fighting Irish beat Navy, 19-6.

The next season the demand for tickets to Irish games increased even though Rock came up with a team he called his "Minute Men." "They'll be in the game one minute," he said, "and the next minute the other team will score." But on November 12 he paid them distinct tribute. On that day he said the '28 team his "greatest—for this afternoon."

"Capecchi Italiano?"

IT was halftime at Yankee Stadium, and there was no score in the 1928 Army-Notre Dame game. Johnny "Butch" Niemiec, Jack Chevigny and Fred Collins had been handling most of the Irish ball carrying, but Army's defenses were solid. Notre Dame's only threat so far had ended in a fumble.

Rockne talked to his team behind a locked dressing-room door. He began in a low key. Slowly, he increased his speed and heightened the pitch. Then his voice softened, and he said:

"... and just before George Gipp died he said to me, 'Sometime, Rock, when the team is up against it, when things are going wrong and the breaks are beating the boys, ask them to win one for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock, but I'll know about it and I'll be happy.'

"Men," Rockne said in conclusion, "this is the time, and this is the game to win for Gipp."

Everybody present—the Notre Dame players, the policemen, the Pullman porters and New York Mayor Jimmy Walker—had tears flowing down their faces by the time Rockne finished his masterful oration.

Army scored first in the second half. Niemiec and Collins then reeled off gains that placed the ball on

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the Army 24. Jack Chevigny sprinted behind compact interference for a first down. Chev carried again and after measurement it was first and goal-to-go on the two. Frank Carideo called Chev's signal again, and on a mighty plunge the halfback hurled himself across the goal to tie the score. Jack Chevigny looked up to heaven and, choked with emotion, said softly, "That's one for you, Gipper."

Two minutes remained in the game. During a timeout, Rockne sent a tall, fragile-looking hurdler from the track team in at end. The ball was snapped to Johnny Niemiec. Johnny faded slightly and set his sights on the fresh flanker who was loping toward the right coffin-corner. The ball spiraled in a high, looping trajectory from the 43-yard line. The end cut sharply and then reversed his field, faking Cadet Chris Cagle off stride. He looked over his shoulder and made a desperate lunge as he reached out his long arms for the pass. He bobbled it for an instant then fell, grabbing the ball as he tumbled over the goal. Touchdown! Then he trotted back to his place on the South Bend bench. That was Johnny "One Play" O'Brien. The final score: Notre Dame 12, Army 6.

Notre Dame closed out the season with two straight defeats, losing 27-7 to Carnegie Tech and 27-14 to Southern Cal. The word was that Rockne and his Fighting Irish were on the downgrade. Opponents had figured ways and means of defending against the Notre Dame system, people said, and Rock had lost his magic ability for keeping them guessing.

Rockne himself began to wonder how long he should stick with his system. He was convinced that the Rules Committee eventually would legislate his shift out of existence. Moreover, he wasn't at all certain he could further improve his attack.

But being bull-headed, he decided to try anyway. He plotted a new series of short-side plunges to take

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advantage of the driving power in "Jumpin' Joe" Savoldi's tree-trunk legs. With this expedient he had a combination of power and the open game going for him at the same time.

Savoldi, who had the physique of an ox, was the ideal fullback for Rock's experiments. When Joe lowered his head, tucked the ball in his crossed thick arms and rammed into the line, he figured to bore his own hole. Yet when the new plays were being worked on during spring practice in '29, every time Savoldi got past the line of scrimmage he was brought down by the first man who banged into him. Again and again quarterback Carideo sent Joe slamming through the left side, and just as often the gain was only two or three yards. Rockne, naturally, was worried.

Joe Savoldi was born in Italy, and in his family home at Three Oaks, Michigan, only Italian was spoken. Consequently, he had some difficulty with English. Perhaps that was it, Rockne theorized, Joe couldn't understand what he was told to do. But this notion was dismissed. Maybe he simply wasn't as strong as his appearance suggested. Yet he was as muscular as a physical culture addict, and his summer-time occupation of lifting loads of bricks to the upper floors of buildings under construction indicated he had herculean vitality and stamina. His problem had to be psychological; there could be no other explanation.

Rockne watched him closely. Finally he discovered the secret. Joe wasn't getting *knocked* down; he was *falling* down. This athletic Adonis was being intimidated by tacklers. So, Rock tricked him. He whispered to the men in the secondary to approach Joe, but not to touch him. Carideo called the same play once more. Savoldi broke through the line and then tumbled flat on his face. He climbed to his feet blushing.

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The play was repeated, and the same thing occurred. Savoldi got the message. From that day forward he was the toughest man in football to stop. In '29, his junior season, Joe made All-America.

Later, after being expelled from Notre Dame because he had broken existing rules by getting married, Joe took up professional wrestling. For years he was the villain against champ Jim Londos. Off and on he, too, held the world heavyweight wrestling title, winning and losing it according to the script. Meanwhile, he solved his language difficulty, and by studying in hotel rooms during his travels, he taught himself philosophy and developed other cultural interests. During World War II he got into the OSS and was decorated for heroic work behind enemy lines in his native Italy.

There were many stories told about Joe's language problem at Notre Dame. In a Carnegie Tech game he had to check signals a number of times because he couldn't translate Frank Carideo's signals fast enough. Carideo, a *juallio* from Mt. Vernon, New York, who was bi-lingual, called time and turned to the Tech team: "Do any of you guys *capecchi Italiano?*" The answer was negative. Accordingly, Frank explained in his best Neapolitan dialect what was expected of Joe on the next play. Pittsburgh newspapers the next day reported: "The Fighting Irish Say It In Italian."

Another story told about Savoldi, whose heavy black beard sometimes literally scared less mature opponents, is that following an easy Notre Dame victory he said, "That team was so lousy that even our *students* coulda beat 'em."

"Rockne's Roadshow" was the name they gave the 1929 Notre Dame team. The stadium at home was under construction and all games had to be played out of town. The players felt as if they spent more time

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in Pullman berths than in their campus beds. They opened at Indiana, and criss-crossed the country to meet Navy, Wisconsin, Carnegie Tech, Georgia Tech, Drake, Southern California, Northwestern, and Army in that sequence. And they won those games by scores of 14-0, 14-7, 19-0, 7-0, 26-6, 19-7, 13-12, 26-6, and 7-0. The Irish were undisputed National Champions.

The season's most dramatic game came against Army. The thermometer registered 14 degrees and falling at the kick-off hour. A blue-steel arctic sky cast a gloomy light over Yankee Stadium as 83,000 shivering spectators huddled in their blankets in a futile attempt to hide from a 35-mile-an-hour ice-laden wind. The turf was frozen as hard as concrete, and the Irish filed their cleats to pin-points in an attempt to make them hold. The ears of Jack Cannon, an Irish lineman, turned blue-black with frost-bite and the hands of all players were numb.

To compound Notre Dame's troubles, Rockne was ill with phlebitis and had to remain in South Bend. His sickness came from a blood-clot in one of his legs that, in turn had resulted from a bruise he got while demonstrating how to handle a well-conditioned player twenty years or more his junior. Rock had rehearsed the team from a rolling bed carted every afternoon to Cartier Field in an ambulance, and he barked his orders into a microphone. The best Rock could do to bolster the team's morale before the Army game was to prop himself up at the telephone and talk to each player over long-distance lines.

Notre Dame's attack depended upon Marchy Schwartz and Joe Savoldi, but neither could get footing and they skidded like drunken skaters on the tundra. Marty Brill had the same problem when he tried to block, and Frank Carideo couldn't keep his equilibrium while kicking.

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The score was 0-0 at the end of the first quarter, so Tom Lieb, Rockne's chief aide, juggled his lineup in a desperate attempt for improvement. Jack Elder, the intercollegiate indoor 60-yard-dash champ and world record-holder at that distance, went in for Schwartz, and Moon Mullins replaced Savoldi. In the line Dick Donoghue was substituted for Frank Leahy when the plaster cast on Frank's injured elbow was shattered on the solid ground.

On a fourth down, Carideo, whom Rockne called his "coach on the field," stepped back to punt. As the ball spiraled back to him, the Irish line was torn apart from tackle to tackle. Frank swung his leg, but it was too late. Army blocked the kick, receiving an unwilling assist from halfback Marty Brill, who had been knocked far enough backward for the ball to ricochet off his rump. Army had possession, first and ten, on the Notre Dame 13-yard line.

After two running plays, both stopped by Donoghue, Cadet Cris Cagle swung to his right, slid to a halt, and heaved a floating pass diagonally. The toss appeared straight and true, and the receiver was in the clear.

Jack Elder, alert for that very play, moved over to cover. He leaped. He landed with the ball in his hands, 96 yards from the Army goal. For a few breathtaking strides, Elder struggled to maintain his balance and stay in bounds. Two Cadets dove at him, but they missed. Jack straightened his course and sprinted down the sideline. West Point coach Biff Jones watched him run past, and for an instant thought of either telling someone from the bench to tackle him or throwing the water pail at the fleeting Fighting Irishman. One more Army player got a shot at Jack inside the West Point ten but Elder went into the end zone for the games' only touchdown. Carideo kicked the extra point.

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Jack Elder had secured a special spot in the hearts of all Irish fans. His was one of the most memorable jobs of ball-carrying in the entire history of Notre Dame football. What's more important, Notre Dame's perfect record for the season had been saved.

"A National Loss"

THE Fighting Irish repeated as National Champions in 1930, a season that included two spectacular victories. Marty Brill, who had failed to make the Pennsylvania team a few seasons before and had transferred to Notre Dame, ran wild against the Quakers in the Notre Dame's 60-20 victory. And there was a 27-7 defeat of USC, with Bucky O'Connor playing hero.

After that season Rockne took life easy for a change. He went to Florida to bask in the sunshine and regain his health. Foremost in his thoughts was the warning the Mayo Clinic doctors had given him: he probably had very few years to live. And so he was charging his batteries for one final spurt in the hopes of leaving his family financially secure.

Because time was precious, Rockne couldn't afford to stop work altogether. He did some writing and broadcasting, puttered with details of a sales promotion job he had with the Studebaker Corporation, and made plans to travel to Hollywood to discuss acting assignments in the movie "Good News," and in a series of short films on football. Business with Studebaker executives brought him back to South Bend the week before Palm Sunday, 1931.

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Over that weekend he left with the bell captain at South Bend's Oliver Hotel, a pair of shoes to be resoled, saw a few pals, and had his last dinner in town at the home of Hunk Anderson. Hunk later drove him to the South Shore Railroad station.

Rock went to Chicago to address a breakfast meeting of Studebaker salesmen on Monday morning, had a short chat with his old friend and former publicity man Arch Ward and boarded a train for Kansas City, where his two oldest sons were in military school. There he telephoned the school and learned there wouldn't be time enough for him to see the boys and still catch his flight for Los Angeles. He took a taxi to the airport and checked in at the ticket counter. Recognizing Rockne, a young boy telegraphed his family in New York that the famous coach was to be aboard the plane with him. Rock discovered, however, that there had been a mix-up in his reservation. Another waiting traveler offered to give Rockne his seat on a plane that was leaving immediately. Rock gratefully accepted the courtesy.

He climbed into the Fokker transport, greeted the pilot with a joke, and, before fastening his seat belt, took out of his pocket his broken-chained Rosary.

Two hours later, close to noon, a farmer was plowing a field between Cottonwood Falls and Bazaar, in the Flint Hills of east-central Kansas. Suddenly, he heard the sputtering sound of an airplane motor misfiring in the clouds overhead. He looked up and caught a glimpse of the plane, now circling low. The plane passed beyond a nearby crest of ground and then shook apart in mid-air. A wing fluttered out of the overcast; the plane dove and crashed. There were no survivors in its twisted wreckage.

At Sitka, Kansas, another farmer, Jesse Harper, learned of the accident and saddled a horse to ride across the prairie to the site of the accident. By

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a quirk of fate, it was Jesse who identified the body of Knute Rockne.

The news of Rockne's death reached Notre Dame that Tuesday of Holy Week when Father Maurice Mulcaire, vice-president, answered the telephone in the basement recreation room in Badin Hall. "Rockne's killed!" he said. The shocked priests and students quit their card and pool games and stood in silence.

President Herbert Hoover telegraphed condolences to Bonnie Rockne, who was still in Miami. King Haakon of Norway sent a cablegram to Notre Dame. Will Rogers wrote in his syndicated newspaper column: "We thought it would take a President or a great public man's death to make a whole nation, regardless of age, race or creed, shake their heads in real, sincere sorrow . . . Well, that's what this country did today, Knute, for you. You died one of our national heroes. Notre Dame was your address but every gridiron in America was your home."

Rockne was only 43 years old when he died. He never lost the enthusiasm of youth, yet somehow gave the impression of much greater age. Of course, his measure as a man was not in his years. It was in his mature masculinity, his admission of his own human frailties, and his faculty for loving.

Damon Runyon said about him: "It was Rockne, with his marvelous Notre Dame teams and through his own powerful personality, who made football the national institution that it is today."

The New York *Times* editorialized: "Millions of citizens who know nothing about Knute Rockne the man, regard his death, in the words of President Hoover, as 'a national loss.' His death produced a sensation . . ."

Father Charles O'Donnell preached the eloquent sermon at Rockne's funeral in the campus church at Notre Dame: ". . . In an age that has stamped itself

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as the era of the 'go-getter'—a horrible word for what is all too often a ruthless thing—he was a 'go-giver'—a not much better word, but it means a divine thing. He made use of all the proper machinery and legitimate methods of modern activity to be essentially not modern at all: to be quite elementarily human and Christian, giving himself, spending himself, like water, not for himself, but for others. And once again, in his case, most illustriously is verified the Christian paradox—he has cast away to keep, he has lost his life to find it. This is not death, but immortality.

"It is fitting that he should be brought here to his beloved Notre Dame," Father O'Donnell continued, "and that his body should rest a while in this church where the light of Faith broke upon his happy soul . . . He might have gone to any university in the land and been gladly received and forever cherished there. But he chose Our Lady's school, he honored her in the monogram he earned and wore, he honored her in the principles he inculcated and the ideals he set up in the lives of the young men under his care. He was her own true son.

"To her we turn in this hour . . . She is the Mother of Sorrows and the Comforter of the Afflicted. . . . Our Life, Our Sweetness, Our Hope, we lay him in thy bosom," Father O'Donnell concluded, his voice breaking into a sob.

Born a Protestant, Rockne died a Catholic.

Rockne's pallbearers were Frank Carideo, Marchy Schwartz, Tom Conley, Tommy Yarr, Marty Brill and Larry Mullins, six first-string members of his last and greatest varsity that was rated his masterpiece.

He was mourned by the entire nation—especially by every boy he helped make into a man when he coached the Fighting Irish.

"Keep Them Butts Down"

IN sandlot, high-school and semi-pro football Hunk Anderson always played fullback. But Knute Rockne needed linemen for his war-depleted team in the fall of 1918. George Gipp touted him on the squat, square-built, strong-legged Swede.

"It won't matter where you want to use him," George said. "Shove him into any position, and it'll be jake with Hunk."

Hunk grew up in the harsh environment of Tamrack, a small Michigan village outside Calumet that was a cluster of unpainted, company-owned houses surrounding a copper mine. At Calumet High he was an all-sports star and a bright student who craved higher education. But for nearly two years after graduation he had to make his living swinging a pick on a road construction crew. Meanwhile, he kept active in athletics as an amateur prize fighter, boxing with a back-alley brawler's appetite for slam-bang action and the nimbleness of a fancy dan.

Hunk finally got a telegram with news from Gipp that Rock had arranged a scholarship for him. He boarded a train that afternoon. George met him at the South Bend station and immediately took him to be introduced to Rock, who was awaiting the pleasure

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while standing on the sidewalk in front of Hully & Mike's pool room on Main Street.

Rock looked Hunk over with an appraising eye, cringed in the grip of his steel-spring handshake, and said, "George would have me believe that you might have the makings of a pretty fair guard."

"Listen," Hunk replied, "right now I'm already the best goddamn guard you're ever gonna see."

From that moment Hunk had the everlasting admiration of his fellow Scandinavian who was to be his teacher, his closest friend, and his predecessor as coach of the Fighting Irish.

In manner and in mental attitude Hunk was direct, diamond-hard and deliberately gruff. He was a first-stringer at Notre Dame for four complete seasons and the prototype of Rockne's "watch-charm" guards. He wore a pair of baseball catcher's shin protectors under his stockings, and wrapped his ham-sized hands from wrists to knuckles with layers of black bicycle tape. "You'll never get me to scrimmage against that guy," a smart Irish substitute once said. "Why, every part of him is a deadly weapon."

Besides football, Hunk played hockey and baseball. His college hockey career was short, however. The priests put a stop to it when they canceled Notre Dame hockey. "Any game that equips Heartly Anderson with a club," Father Charles O'Donnell is supposed to have said, "isn't safe for ordinary human beings to play."

They also should have outlawed heckling. Some South Bend roughnecks tried it with Hunk when Notre Dame was en route to the Nebraska game in 1919. Hunk left seven or eight of them for dead on the railroad station platform. The only damage he suffered was indicated on Rockne's expense account for that trip: "New suit for H. Anderson, \$34."

Hunk's academic major was engineering, which left

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him barely enough time for sports and long hours of cramming every evening. He was one of only ten men taking his course of study, and in each class every day he was required to answer as many as four questions posed by strict professors. The morning George Gipp died, Marty McCue, dean of Engineering, learned for the first time that Hunk was on the football team. "Is that so?" Marty said. "Well, Anderson, you probably know that we have yet to graduate a football player in the work you have undertaken for yourself."

"So I've been told," Hunk said. "But you're lookin' at one who's gonna make it."

Notre Dame educated Hunk to be an expert engineer and a football scholar. But it never polished his rough edges. He started college experienced in the ways of the world, and emerged cultured in his own fashion and, as he had been before, totally without pretense.

After getting his degree Hunk worked as a structural engineer at a South Bend steel fabricating plant owned by Howard "Cap" Edwards, the Fighting Irish captain in '09. During football seasons he took time off to serve as Rockne's top sergeant, line coach and chief defensive strategist. He coached without pay for the first couple of seasons and then asked Rockne for at least a token salary. In '24, the year he made the Seven Mules the best forward wall in football, he was paid \$100 and got a raise to \$500 in '25. In '28 he asked for more money, but Rock said there could be no raise.

"Sure, you deserve it," Rock told him. "But I'm stymied because the padres expect everybody who has a job around here to take the vow of poverty just like they do."

At that time Rockne himself was getting \$10,000 per year, much less than he had been offered by a

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number of other universities. Columbia, for instance, proposed in a letter of agreement (that Rock signed and then wiggled out of after the '25 season) to pay him \$25,000 a year with a ten-year guarantee. But working for Notre Dame had compensations that couldn't be measured in dollars and cents. Both Rock and Hunk prized the prestige, congenial company and sense of fulfilling an obligation to the old alma mater. Nevertheless, those intangibles didn't balance the Anderson family bank account. Consequently, Rock and Hunk entered into a pact that took a year to work out.

In '29 Hunk became head coach at St. Louis University with a salary of \$8200. Then, when Tom Lieb, Hunk's successor as line coach, resigned from Notre Dame to take the head coach position at Loyola in Los Angeles in '30, Rock insisted that he had to have Hunk back with him. The result was as Rock figured it would be—Notre Dame was willing to pay Hunk more than he was making to get him to return.

Hunk didn't for a moment imagine that he would get the head coaching position at Notre Dame after Rockne was killed. He guessed that the job would be given to either Gus Dorais, who was at the University of Detroit, or Charlie Bachman, the great Fighting Irish guard and fullback in the middle years of Jesse Harper's coaching regime, who had been building an outstanding reputation as coach at the University of Florida. None of the Notre Dame administrators even hinted to Anderson that he was being considered for promotion.

Rockne was dead a little over two weeks when Father O'Donnell called a meeting of the team and athletic department staff. Hunk was flabbergasted to hear himself named "senior coach," Backfield assistant Jack Chevigny was to be "junior coach," and Jesse Harper, with whom Anderson was acquainted only

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slightly, was coming out of retirement to be Director of Athletics.

Hunk and Chev were startled by Father O'Donnell's tone of finality. They were, in reality, being *told* to take the jobs as defined, not *requested* to do so. To be sure, neither would have turned down the proposition, but it disturbed them that they hadn't been given the courtesy of prior discussion.

Eventually, the three-way split of authority led to friction. After one season Chevigny, feeling that he had gotten a bum deal, left. Hunk and Jesse bickered constantly, and they supposedly came to blows in the locker room before a game in Pittsburgh in '33.

Father O'Donnell's reorganization of the football set-up was the result of the priests' decision that the time had come for them to regain the power that Rockne had presumed to take for his own. They had found Rockne, to quote Father Arthur J. Hope, official historian of Notre Dame, "not an easy man to deal with." Rockne too often had ad libbed policies which had caused some persons to label Notre Dame a football factory. Control was what the priests wanted, and they were determined to get it.

Their first move was to rule out "redshirting," the extension of a player's eligibility by having him work out with the varsity in his sophomore season but not play until a year later. Next, they decided to police more closely the granting of football scholarships, and to admit only students who had been graduated in the upper-third of their high-school classes and had studied a foreign language at least two years. And soon they required athletes to maintain a scholastic average of at least 77, seven points higher than passing and the Big Ten requirement. Failure to meet that standard meant being dropped from the squad until the player's good standing was re-established.

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To insure that Hunk would have no misunderstandings about his status, the priests left him with this dictum: "Rock behaved as if he ran this whole place, but you are going to be boss only behind the green fence of Cartier Field. You will not be allowed to do anything outside the fence without our approval. You are to respect our authority and abide by it."

Hunk had done nothing to provoke such a scolding and he was disturbed. His coaching assignment was difficult enough on the surface; to have undercurrents of unjustified suspicion and petulance muddying the waters was unfortunate. But he held his temper and began preparing for spring practice.

Father O'Donnell addressed the 100-plus players the first day. "The football world wants to know how Notre Dame will get along without Knute Rockne," he said. "You will supply the answer. Carry on."

The entire student body held a rally to honor Hunk. While receiving a standing ovation, Anderson shuffled to the front edge of the stage in Washington Hall. A meek smile curved the lines in his sharp-featured face. "Thank you fellows," he said. "The spirit is here and we will do the best I can."

As a player Hunk was noted for advising quarterbacks on what plays to call; as head coach he was free to indoctrinate his signal callers in his own theories of offense. He tutored a team that displayed power, versatility and a degree of recklessness. In broad terms, he stuck with Rockne's style of football but he didn't hesitate to add a considerable number of innovations. He exploited short-side plays, worked on flashy end-around runs and lateral passes, used the blocking back on the wing as a flanker in the manner of modern coaches, and devised such surprises as triple pass plays. He put men in motion in his backfield, had his passers throwing from deep in their own territory, increased manyfold the numbers of plays in the book,

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and stressed the big gamble rather than straight football tactics.

Hunk left little doubt that he was his own man. His '31 team had the impetus supplied by Rockne, but it took on the distinctly different personality of its new coach.

Newsreel cameras covered an early fall practice in '31 and recorded Hunk as he instructed his players. "*Bend them knees . . . keep them butts down,*" Hunk shouted for all movie theatre audiences to hear. A national magazine printed his words verbatim in a slam at the brand of English used by a Notre Dame graduate, and the hue and cry over Hunk's typical football field language reached ridiculous proportions. Self-conscious Notre Dame alumni were embarrassed, though they shouldn't have been. It was a petty matter, but Hunk's use of colloquial phrases had a lasting effect. For some silly reason the incident was never forgotten.

Hunk got a better press when his team extended the Notre Dame unbeaten streak that dated back to the '28 season. The Irish won their first two games, romping over Duke, 63-0, and Indiana, 25-0. In rain and mud they played a 0-0 tie with Northwestern, but after that knocked off Pitt, 25-12, Carnegie Tech, 19-0, Penn, 49-0, and Navy, 20-0. And Hunk was hailed as a wizard.

But the next game on the schedule was against Southern California.

For the first three periods that cold day the Fighting Irish offense rolled as in the past. Then Howard Jones's team rallied and scored two quick touchdowns. With less than two minutes to go Notre Dame held the edge, 14-13. Another Trojan surge was stopped 24 yards from the Irish goal. Johnny Baker, a USC guard, attempted a 33-yard field goal. The ball sailed high

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and true. Notre Dame's string of 25 games without a defeat was ended.

"We were relieved when it finally happened," two-time All-America Marchy Schwartz said. "It had got so we couldn't take the tension any longer."

"Let's forget it," Hunk Anderson said. "Even Babe Ruth strikes out once in a while."

But the fans wouldn't forget. They blamed Anderson alone for the defeat. They said he had displayed poor judgment and weakened his defense by substituting for Nordy Hoffman and Joe Kurth late in the game. They didn't know, however, that Nordy and Joe had been seriously injured and were taken immediately to the hospital. Hunk showed remarkable restraint in not publicizing the legitimate alibi. He absorbed the criticism without complaint.

Notre Dame closed out the '31 season with another loss—12-0 to Army—yet it received a top national rating on the strength of its seven victories.

In '32 the Irish had quarterback trouble. Still, they won seven and lost only two, scored 225 points while giving up 31 and shutout six opponents.

In '33 the bubble burst. The Irish won only three, lost five and tied one, and themselves went scoreless in six games.

The wolves who had been howling for Hunk's hide finally got their wish.

As an assistant coach at Notre Dame Hunk had developed great lines starring such men as Bud Boeringer, Dick Hanousek, Ike Voedisch, Tim Moynihan, Frank Leahy, George Vlk and a slew of others. As head coach he brought out the best in Ed "Moose" Krause, Hughie Devore, Chuck Jaskwhich, Mike Koken, George Kozak, George Melinkovich, Joe Pivarnik, Joe Sheeketski, Harry Wunsch, Dick Phefferle, Rocco Schiralli, Tony Mazziotti and Fred Solari. And as Hunk said about those fellows who won so many

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games for the Fighting Irish, "People know them so well they can even pronounce their names."

Hunk received one last satisfaction before leaving Notre Dame: beating Army, 13-12, in the final game of '33—an upset victory that was won by Wayne Millner with a tricky assist from Moose Krause. Moose talked the Cadet blockers into hitting him so Wayne could charge in, block a punt, and score unmolested.

Hunk also was pleased that Jesse Harper, who was planning to replace Anderson with Nobel Kizer of Purdue, was fired first.

In '34 Hunk coached at North Carolina State, and later under Harry Kipke at Michigan and with the Detroit Lions in '39 and the Chicago Bears from '40 through '51. He became the unchallenged possessor of the title "greatest line coach of all time." He is credited with developing virtually all the techniques used by modern linemen, and he invented the stunt that is the scourge of T-formation quarterbacks, the "red-dog."

Anderson always has had the utmost respect of football people, not only as a player and a coach, but also as a delightful person of fine character. Long after he was fired by Notre Dame, he was available to help coach the Irish linemen. Sometimes his advice was heeded, and sometimes not.

All The Gridiron's A Stage

COACH Elmer Layden welcomed 300 boys to spring football practice in 1934 and critics called the size of the Fighting Irish squad a conspicuous example of over-emphasis. They couldn't have been more wrong. For 15 years literally hundreds of stars had been attracted to the South Bend campus and kids without a talent for even removing bench splinters were shunted aside. There is no room in championship football for the mediocre player, of course, but there is a danger in discouraging him from trying out for the team. Notre Dame reasoned that the way to avoid the traps of commercialism was to accommodate every student who wanted to play the game and generate for him an atmosphere of pleasure not pressure. Layden didn't go out of his way to coddle unqualified candidates, yet he gave them a sense of belonging that fostered a revival of enthusiasm for football on campus.

As for the candidates recruited with football scholarships, Elmer inherited a choice group. The holdover varsity men and the sophomores possessed great potential for reversing the previous season's defeats. This lifted the morale of the team and the Fighting Irish were once again in a winning frame of mind.

Elmer had the common sense not to demand win-

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ning at all costs, however. His motto was: "Sportsmanship first, victory second." Layden's attitude was realistic. He tended to worry, but knowing the harmful effects of artificial tensions, he relaxed the players by saying, "... In these days of stiff competition you are almost sure to drop one or two along the route."

Clean-cut, conscientious and non-controversial, Layden filled the Notre Dame bill of particulars as if it had been drawn up with him alone in mind. Once established as head coach and Director of Athletics, he carefully assembled a coaching staff that conformed to his own high standards.

He hired Chet Grant, the mild-mannered but tough-minded philosopher of football, as backfield coach. Chet resigned as sports editor of the *South Bend Tribune* to make news instead of writing about it.

Joe Boland, a shock-troop tackle on the Four Horsemen team and a regular on the one that followed it, was brought home to handle the line. Tom Conley, captain of Rockne's last team, was retained from the Anderson staff to work with the ends. Layden was seeing to it that Notre Dame traditions were being carried on by men who had contributed to them.

Along with his assistants, Elmer himself loomed large in Notre Dame lore. His feats in football were legendary, and so were some escapades of his student days. For instance, it was well known that he hadn't been allowed to graduate with his class because he and his father prematurely celebrated his getting his degree by going on a toot before commencement and ending a night of pub-crawling throwing rocks in a pre-dawn bottle-breaking contest outside Corby Hall.

Layden's diploma was finally mailed to him, however, and he continued his education to earn a law degree. He joined an Iowa law firm, but his coaching success at Columbia College in Dubuque changed

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plans he had for his future. Later, he coached at Duquesne, and rocketed the Iron Dukes into national prominence. More importantly, he built a reputation for moderation and good public relations, the precise qualities Notre Dame was seeking.

The most difficult problem Elmer first faced at Notre Dame was a highly unusual one. On the team there was a young halfback, a junior, who had been awarded a monogram the previous season and undoubtedly was capable of first-string duty. He was Mike Layden, Elmer's brother.

All his life Mike had tried to duck the shadow cast by Elmer. But it couldn't be done in Davenport, where they both grew up and starred in high school. Therefore, Mike decided that it wouldn't be wise for him to go to Notre Dame, and he accepted a bid from Yale instead. But Hunk Anderson had asked Gene "Scrap-iron" Young, the Notre Dame trainer, to invite Mike for a visit to South Bend and Yale lost out.

One day late in the winter of '34 Mike barged into Scrap Young's training room and said, "I'm quitting school. I wish to heaven I'd never listened to you."

"Because Elmer's coming?"

"Yeah. I don't want to play for him," said Mike. "The circumstances would make us both uncomfortable. If I make the starting team he'll be accused of favoritism, and if I don't make it he'll be accused of being unfair to me. I tell ya, Scrap, it won't work out."

Young calmed the boy and convinced him that Elmer would give him the same treatment as the other players. However, when the season started it appeared that he might have been mistaken. Mike was sensational in practice, yet Elmer ignored him. The coach also went out of his way to keep his office and home doors closed to Mike and except for an occasional word in the normal course of instruction, he never

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talked to him. Furthermore, if Mike had anything to say to Elmer he had to filter it through a secretary. Finally, Scrap could contain his anger no longer and he had a showdown with Elmer. For an hour he pleaded for a decent display of brotherly affection, but Elmer replied that Mike hadn't griped about the arrangement and that the kid was getting "all the breaks in the world."

Meanwhile, the Irish lost their opener, 7-6, to Texas, a satisfying triumph for Longhorn coach Jack Chevigny. Notre Dame recoiled after that defeat and, in succession, beat Purdue, Carnegie Tech and Wisconsin. But a decisive loss to Pittsburgh, followed by one to Navy, had sobering influence on the Irish spirits. Then victories over Northwestern and Army swung the jagged line on the graph of fluctuating fortunes upward again. Going into the finale of the season against USC, Notre Dame was in a mood to retaliate for three straight defeats. Against the Trojans Elmer gave brother Mike his big chance. Mike caught a pass for a touchdown and scored another on an interception. Final score: Notre Dame 14, USC 0.

The Fighting Irish had established a momentum that carried over into '35. In their first five games they beat Kansas (28-7), Carnegie Tech (14-3), Wisconsin (27-0), Pitt (9-6), and Navy (14-0). All of which led up to the memorable battle with Ohio State.

Columbus, Ohio, on November 2, 1935, was the focal point of football frenzy beyond comparison. Up and down High Street students snake-danced in anticipation of victory for Gomer Jones, Jumpin' Joe Williams, Frank Boucher and the rest of Coach Francis "Close The Gates Of Mercy" Schmidt's undefeated squad, the prohibitive odds-on favorites in the betting. The 130-piece, all-brass Buckeye marching band paraded into the double-decked, horseshoe-shaped sta-

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dium playing "Killarney" and 81,018 screaming fans made it difficult for Ted Husing to describe the scene to the millions of radio listeners.

To appreciate fully the impact of the day's events it is necessary to consider three significant factors—the exceptional loyalty of Notre Dame partisans, the temper of the times, and the great importance the game would have for one particular player.

Notre Dame had a widespread multitude of fans, some of whom were alumni, but most of whom were fans who had no college to call their own. The hard core of the synthetic alumni surely were priests, nuns, parochial school students and graduates, and chauvanistic Irishmen. Yet its membership was by no means restricted to such persons. Notre Dame represented, in one sense, a fulfillment of an American ideal. The Fighting Irish were the "poor boys from across the tracks" who invaded the precincts of the rich to conquer social barriers and sporting opponents in one swoop. This was a romanticized version of Notre Dame's climb from obscurity, but it had its elements of truth.

The country at the time was in the middle of the depression. People escaped personal despair with an overpowering interest in sports. Sporting events provided a release of pent-up emotions; sports heroes were super-human champions who could snarl at adversity, laugh at bad breaks, and inspire with noble deeds.

The actor in the epic drama of the Notre Dame-Ohio State game who strutted for his hour upon the stage—or more precisely, for his 15 minutes—was a blond, stocky Chicagoan whose role heretofore had been as Bill Shakespeare's understudy. His name was Andy Pilney.

Bill and Andy arrived at Notre Dame the same year.

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Bill had done well enough in schoolboy football, but Andy had been a phenom who was tabbed for cinch All-America selection before he drew his first pair of Notre Dame cleats.

But Bill became the star in college and Andy became an anonymous substitute. This situation was due partly to Andy's constant fumbling. Chet Grant had had Andy tucking a football in the crook of his arm all over campus to try to cure him of his weakness, and finally succeeded in doing so. Still, Andy had secondary status and he was pretty much resigned to it. Nevertheless, on the night before the Ohio State game Chet asked Andy how he felt, and Pilney replied, "As 'up' as I'll ever be, and it's now or never."

Tall, triple-threat Bill Shakespeare started the game at left halfback. The Buckeyes were waiting for him. Every time Bill ran they ganged up on him. Every time he dropped back to pass they rushed him. Only his booming punts were doing the Irish any good.

Meanwhile, Ohio State had scored twice. In the first half the Irish made two first downs to the Buckeyes' nine and were outgained four-to-one. The score at halftime was Ohio State 13, Notre Dame 0.

In the third quarter Shakespeare came alive and four times the Irish seemed on the verge of scoring. But four times the husky Ohio State defenders hurled them back. Shakespeare was taken out in the closing minutes of the period. Pilney went in.

Pilney, running from punt formation, swung wide cut back and finally picked up 16 yards to the Ohio State 47. Two plays later Andy flipped a pass to fullback Steve Miller for four more. Fourth down. Andy lofted a punt to the coffin corner that took one bounce and went out of bounds on the one-yard line. Andy, at safety, caught a return punt on the 35 and slammed to the Buckeye 18 where Williams grappled him to the ground. The quarter ended.

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A second-down pass missed its mark; a third-down pass hit Frank Gaul for a gain to the 1. Steve Miller plowed for six points. The conversion attempt wobbled wide. Ohio State 13, Notre Dame 6.

After the kick-off Ohio State's Boucher punted and Andy Pilney fought for every inch until he stepped across the sideline at his own 46. He was thwarted on a crack at the line, but picked up five on a second plunge. Pilney pitched to Layden, and it was first down six yards beyond mid-field. A Miller-to-Pilney lateral gained nine more. Miller went for five; Pilney for one; Pilney passed again. Mike Layden hauled it in and was dragged down less than three feet from the goal. But the luck of the Irish suddenly turned bad. Steve Miller lost his grip on the ball as he piled into the line. Ohio State recovered in the end zone for a touch-back.

Jumpin' Joe Williams broke loose. He traveled 24 yards on an end sweep. The last Notre Dame man between him and a clear field made the tackle. Who else but Andy Pilney?

The Irish took over on their own 20. The Buckeyes lined up in an eight-man front. Pilney passed over their heads. The Buckeyes dropped seven men back to guard against aeriels and fullback Larry Dambom drove straight ahead. The Buckeyes closed in again and Pilney threw to Wally Fromhart who scampered 45 yards to the Ohio State 33. Pilney received a pass from Layden for nine. Pilney passed to Fromhart for a first down on the State 15. Pilney shot a clothes-line spiral nine feet in the air. Layden leaped and grabbed it. Touchdown!

When the extra point try failed, Ted Husing, who had hollered himself hoarse in the broadcasting booth, said sadly that with only 90 seconds to go there wasn't time for the Irish to overcome the one-point deficit.

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The pandemonium created by Pilney subsided to a murmur.

Then—fumble!

Dick Beltz, the Buckeye halfback, got hit and the ball squirted out of his hands. Harry Pojman, the Fighting Irish center, dove and flicked it with his fingers before it hit the ground out of bounds. Notre Dame had possession but the goal was 51 long yards away.

Pilney cocked his arm to pass. Every eligible receiver was covered. Andy had no choice but to run. He bounded like a jack-rabbit. He pirouetted. He pounded. He bowled over would-be tacklers with straight-arms and piston knees. One instant he was free, the next frustrated. But he fought furiously and got free again. Over and back he cut as his blockers sent Staters sprawling. Then he was boxed in. His leg buckled backwards as he fell at the 19-yard line.

Scrapiron Young sprinted to Andy's side and ordered him to lie still. Andy protested but his leg flopped uselessly. He was done for the day.

A stretcher bore Andy to an ambulance. The crowd paid silent tribute to him and cried as it watched him go. Allison Danzig wrote in the *New York Times*: "[He] . . . was carried off the field on his shield."

William Valentine Shakespeare was back in at left halfback. Andy Puplis, in for Fromhart, called for a pass. It was almost intercepted. Dead ball. The clock was stopped.

Elmer Layden wanted to send in a play, but all his regular quarterbacks had been used in the period. There was no free substitution rule in those days. If a player was removed in one quarter he couldn't go back in until the next. And no player except a quarterback could talk in the huddle until one play had been run after he was on the field. Elmer scanned the

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bench and saw Jim McKenna. McKenna wasn't on the traveling roster and had gotten there by hitchhiking to Columbus. He suited up because he didn't have a ticket. But, not expecting to play, he hadn't put on his shoulder pads. Now McKenna was the only man available to Elmer Layden. In he went.

McKenna screamed the signals over the roar. Full-back Tony Mazziotti pivoted and handed the ball to Shakespeare. Bill drifted back, almost to the 35-yard line. Wayne Millner, the Jewish-Yankee Fighting Irish end, crossed from the left into the right defensive zone and circled behind the secondary. Shakespeare threw perfectly. The ball hit Millner in the chest and he clutched it while falling into the end zone.

Notre Dame 18, Ohio State 13.

With the possible exception of the "sudden-death" NFL championship game between the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants in '59, no game in history packed such drama into its closing minutes.

Elmer Layden left Notre Dame after the 1940 season to become pro football commissioner. He had developed good teams and great stars. In seven years he had won 47, lost 13 and tied three. His record falls between Rockne's 105 wins, 12 losses and 5 ties, and Anderson's 16 wins, 9 defeats and 2 ties.

Typical of the sportsmanship that marked the Layden years at Notre Dame was the gesture after victory over Army in '40. Heavily favored, Notre Dame barely won, 7-0, on Steve Juzwik's pass interception and 84-yard runback. But the game statistics were overwhelmingly in Army's favor. Afterwards, Milt Piepul, the Irish captain, inscribed on the game ball "Morally it's ours" and presented it to Cadet Captain Bill Gillis.

During Layden's tenure Notre Dame's relations with other universities couldn't have been better. Even the break with Michigan was patched up. Layden's easy

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ways paid big dividends in prestige, dignity and popularity. But it seems Notre Dame wanted something else—specifically, the National Championship recognition that it had missed since Rockne died.

Hence, Frank Leahy.

Frank "The Master" Leahy

"WE AT Notre Dame make no apologies about wanting winners," said Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., a former businessman who had become Notre Dame's vice-president by the time Frank Leahy succeeded Elmer Layden. "We shall always want Notre Dame men to play to win, so long as there is a Notre Dame."

Frank "The Master" Leahy, a self-punishing perfectionist, was in complete agreement with Father Cavanaugh's sentiments. There was no provision in his philosophy for rationalizing defeat. He was hard-nosed and humorless in his efforts to win. Consequently, he ruined his health, compromised his public relations and achieved a record that was second only to Knute Rockne's.

During his 11 seasons as Notre Dame coach Frank often ended a 19-hour workday at 2 a.m. Then he would sleep fully clothed on a cot in the campus firehouse until dawn. His daily routine, week after week, consisted of early morning staff meetings, scouting report examinations, evaluations of his own offenses and defenses, noon conferences with his team; interviews with the press; lunch at his desk; practice drills from mid-afternoon through dusk; evening meetings with his assistants, and long hours watching game

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action slow-motion movies over and over again. This regimen left him putty-colored and frazzled, with a troubled expression in his fatigue-dulled eyes.

Leahy's singlemindedness charged the atmosphere at Notre Dame with sparks that kindled arguments concerning the wisdom of total dedication to winning. But he firmly believed if his team didn't come out ahead, the game wasn't worth the sweat. His assignment was to restore the Fighting Irish to championship form, and he did exactly that. Whether or not his methods were always correct is questionable, but you cannot take lightly his claim to fame: undefeated seasons in '41, '46, '47, '48, '49 and '53, and an overall record of 87 wins, 11 losses and nine ties.

Despite his remarkable success, Leahy must have felt like the clown in the carnival sideshow who puts his smiling face through a hole in a canvas blind and lets the customers bounce baseballs off his skull. He never had a moment of peace.

Father Cavanaugh, Leahy's staunchest supporter, said after becoming university president, "When we in America hold the winner under suspicion merely because he is a winner, we discredit many of the fine qualities that have made football inspiring . . . [and] . . . come perilously close to the kind of thinking that would reduce the ambitions and possibilities of all men . . ."

Frank Leahy surely was hypersensitive about criticism, but he was conditioned from childhood to rise above it. Born in O'Neill, Nebraska, in 1908 he was one of eight children of Irish-American parents. He was raised on a homestead staked out near Winner, South Dakota. Before he started school he took on his share of barnyard chores. At the age of six he drove a hayrake in the field under a scorching sun. By the time he was ten he had ridden as a relief driver on a freight wagon, had herded cattle on the open range, and had

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hired out as a laborer at a dollar a day. Later, his father, Francis William Leahy, Sr., abandoned farming to go into the feed business and 15-year-old Frank, 155 pounds of solid bone and bulging muscles, worked for him, stacking sacks of grain almost as heavy as himself.

Frank, meanwhile, developed a keen interest in all sports. In the back room of his father's store he and his brothers—Gene, Jack and Tom—set up a make-shift gym with a sand-filled punching bag and trained for local boxing matches. Though not especially fast, Frank was a plodder who could both take and dish out punishment. With a powerful right-hand punch he once dropped his elder brother Tom, who had been a pro for two years. So, Frank had thoughts about a ring career. Subsequently, while taking post-graduate high-school work in Omaha, Nebraska, he kept in shape by sparring with pro fighters at the YMCA. He found he could hold his own against the likes of Ace Hudkins and other local toughs, and again seriously considered making his living with his fists. All such thoughts were erased from his mind for good, however, when he heard Knute Rockne make a speech at a sports dinner.

Frank was a star halfback on the Winner High School team coached by Earl Walsh, a Notre Dame back in the days of George Gipp, and he was captain in his senior year when Winner won ten straight games and the sectional championship. Walsh had to plead long and hard with Rockne to get Leahy a football scholarship at Notre Dame, but finally succeeded. At Omaha Central High Frank was switched from halfback to tackle. He continued in the line during his freshman year at Notre Dame when he was captain of the Irish frosh team and president of his class.

Rockne told Leahy he was going to make a center out of him for the '28 season, and until about midway

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in the schedule he was substituted occasionally for All-America Tim Moynihan. Then injuries forced Rock to transplant Frank back to tackle. For the remainder of '28 and through the next season, his last, he saw a fair amount of action.

Frank was injury-prone throughout his playing days.

As a sophomore he collided with Marty Brill in a scrimmage and was bothered by a sore back and stiff neck for a long while. In '29 he cracked his right elbow. He was allowed to play only after fooling Rockne into believing he was healed by flexing his good arm instead of the other. He recovered completely and was in the best condition of his life during pre-season practice in '30. Then came the fateful last scrimmage before the season's opener.

It was late in the afternoon, close to quitting time. Rockne asked for just one more play, an off-tackle run by Marchy Schwartz. Leahy dashed downfield and threw a fierce body block at the safety man as Marchy sprinted for a touchdown. Rock blew his whistle and the squad trotted off toward the showers. All except Leahy, who couldn't get up. Frank had popped his right knee and torn a cartilage that protruded like a knife blade through the skin. He was in agony and had to be hauled off the field on a stretcher.

But Frank wouldn't admit to himself or anyone else that he was finished as a player. He got rid of his crutches sooner than he should have and day after day pushed against the charging machine to strengthen his leg.

"I'm okay now, Coach," he reported to Rockne after a few weeks of desperate striving.

"Let's see you run, Frankie," Rock said.

Leahy squatted, sprung forward, took three strides and sprawled awkwardly in a tangle. Even Leahy now realized it was no use.

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Still, he showed up for all team meetings and practices. He spent his time listening and observing, learning more than he could have if he had been in the thick of the scrimmages. Hunk Anderson taught him the techniques of instruction and invited him to help out with the reserve tackles. Toward the season's end Rock put him in charge of the "B" squad for a couple of games so he could earn some credits in his physical education courses. With that taste of college coaching, Frank secretly decided to revise his ambition, which originally had been to return to Winner and coach his old high-school team.

When the season ended Rockne went to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for treatment of his phlebitis. He took Frank along to keep him company and to have an operation on the boy's bad leg. Frank made the most of his opportunity of being alone with Rockne for two weeks. He cross-examined the coach to fill in some gaps in his knowledge, and also made sure to impress Rockne with the knowledge he already possessed. And he admits he used "a little psychology" by acting worried in an attempt to get the coach to inquire about the reason for his moodiness.

Finally, Rock reacted as Frank hoped he would. "What's eatin' you, son? How come you're so down in the dumps? You want to talk about it?"

"It's not much, really," Frank said. "It's—well, I didn't get to play this year, and I guess I'm going to have to forget about ever being a coach. You know what I mean. Nobody is apt to give a job to a gimpy guy who didn't play in his last season."

Rock chomped on his cigar, grunted and stared at the ceiling for what seemed like an eternity to Frank. Then he reached for a stack of mail on his bedside table. He sorted out six letters and tossed them to Leahy. "These are from coaches around the country

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asking me to recommend men to be their assistants. Look 'em over. Oh, yeah—and take your pick.”

Frank chose Georgetown and went to work for Tommy Mills, who had been his freshman coach at Notre Dame.

Leahy spent one year there, moved to Michigan State to assist Jimmy Crowley, moved with Jimmy to Fordham where he and Hughie Devore built the Ram's famed line, The Seven Blocks of Granite, and then became head coach of Boston College. At B.C. he attracted national attention by winning 20 of 22 games in two seasons and beating General Bob Neyland's Tennessee Vols, 19-13, in the 1941 Sugar Bowl.

In January that year Elmer Layden resigned from Notre Dame. The Faculty Board in Control (of Athletics) sifted the nominees for the vacated coaching post and the first man to receive a bid was Buck Shaw of Santa Clara. Buck declined. Frank Leahy was second on the list. The ink was hardly dry on Frank's renewed Boston College contract when Notre Dame made its offer. Frank requested and received his release.

Before the snows of winter had melted, 33-year-old Frank Leahy was occupying the Notre Dame coach's office in Breen-Phillips Hall. On the wall a huge photograph of Knute Rockne beamed approvingly.

"T" For Two: Bertelli And Lujack

"REGARDLESS of what positions any of you have played before," Frank Leahy said to his football squad in the spring of 1941, "I want my 11 toughest lads in the lineup."

Lardy Bernie Crimmins, formerly a fullback, found himself a guard. Rugged Harry Wright, another fullback, was transferred to quarterback. Dippy Evans, a halfback star, made room for a sophomore passer named Angelo Bertelli by moving to fullback. Speedy Steve Juzwik was the only carry-over member of the backfield to retain the same position.

That summer the entire backfield received jobs at the Notre Dame Stadium, and every afternoon they put aside their paint brushes and lawn mowers and ran plays for two hours. The complete team assembled for unsanctioned practice about the middle of August. By kickoff time in the first game the Irish were slim, slick and swift.

Bernie Crimmins, Bob Maddock, Jim Brutz, George Murphy, Wally Ziemba, Captain Paul Lillis and Bob Dove opened gaps in the line. When Juzwik got loose, Wright and Evans handled the downfield blocking. Bertelli's aerials figured in eight Notre Dame victories that season as he completed 70 of 123 for 1027 yards.

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The only blot on an undefeated record in '41 was a 0-0 standoff with Army played in a steady downpour.

The following spring Leahy went even further in making over the Irish. He abandoned the Notre Dame System and changed to the T formation. Primarily, this was to make maximum use of Angelo Bertelli.

"Accurate Angelo" was the best passer of his generation. This marked him as a left halfback in the Notre Dame System. However, Bertelli was not the versatile performer the position demanded he be. He could pass, placekick and punt, but he was not great shakes as a runner, blocker or tackler. Because his shortcomings were more than offset by his positive points, Frank was unwilling to let him while away his time on the sidelines.

In '41 Bertelli threw 15 passes that resulted directly or indirectly in touchdowns. He carried 41 times, netting only 56 yards on the ground in nine games. As a T quarterback, his strong point would be exploited and his weaknesses wouldn't matter.

The T, the original system used by all teams before the invention of such formations as the single-wing and the Notre Dame box, was popularized in the early '40s by the pro Chicago Bears and the Stanford Indians.

On an August night in '41 Frank Leahy and Father John Cavanaugh sat in the stands at Soldier Field in Chicago and watched the Bears overwhelm the College All-Stars. Driving back to South Bend, the coach told the priest that with his permission and that of Father J. Hugh "Pepper" O'Donnell, Notre Dame president, he would like to adopt the attack they had just seen work so well. He got an immediate go-ahead. That fall he saw every Bears home game. The next winter he traveled to New York for probing talks about the intricate details of the T with Bear quarterback Sid Luckman. On the way home Frank stopped off in Detroit

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for a number of days and locked himself in a hotel room with Hunk Anderson, the Bear line coach, for a seminar on T blocking. His next port of call was Chicago to see George Halas, the Bear owner-coach. Then he spent two weeks at the University of Maryland with Clark Shaughnessy, the genius behind the modern version of the T. Finally, he hired Bob Snyder, Luckman's understudy, to work with his backfield during drills that spring.

The T at Notre Dame was not an instant success. The 1942 opener was with Wisconsin at Madison. In a mix-up at Chicago's Central Station Angelo Bertelli took the wrong train. A frantic telegram stopped the express he was aboard. Trainmen flagged a slow local headed in the right direction, and Bert finally arrived at the stadium, completely unnerved, after the team had taken the field. This was an indication of things to come that afternoon.

Against Harry Stuhldreher's Badgers Bert played the poorest game of his career. Russell "Pete" Ashbaugh and Frank "Boley" Dancewicz, two other quarterbacks, were far superior. The star of the day was Elroy "Crazy Legs" Hirsch of Wisconsin, and Notre Dame was lucky to get away with a 7-7 tie.

The anti-T advocates among Notre Dame followers immediately made a major issue of Frank Leahy's "mistake" of switching from the time-honored box formation. Protests increased the next week when Bertelli completed only six of 16 passes and had four intercepted at crucial moments by Georgia Tech. Three fumbles on handoffs didn't help, either. Notre Dame lost, 13-7.

Strain and emotional stress combined with spinal arthritis (developed from his old neck injury) to bring Leahy to a state of near-collapse. Frank was told to stay away from the team, get a rest, and forget football for the time being. During a three-week stay at Mayo

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Clinic, Frank took traction treatment for his physical ailment and was given complete quiet for his nerves.

Ed McKeever, Leahy's adjutant, directed the team in successive victories over Stanford (27-0), Iowa Pre-Flight (28-0) and Illinois (21-14). Frank recovered and he was home from the hospital for the Navy game.

The Irish defeated the Middies, 9-0, and then beat Army, 13-0. In the first Notre Dame-Michigan game in 33 years the Wolverines won, 32-20, and complaints about the T were heard again. They subsided, however, when Creighton Miller and Angelo Bertelli, running and passing, led Leahy's Lads to wins over Northwestern (27-20) and Southern Cal (13-0).

The season's final game was with the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, a team of all-stars on war-time duty. At the half Notre Dame trailed, 13-0. On the first play from scrimmage in the third quarter Bertelli faked to Bob Livingston, slapped the ball into Corwin Clatt's mid-section, and the fullback pranced 82 yards. A few minutes later Creighton Miller dashed 68 yards for another touchdown and John Cheevy kicked the extra point. The game ended at 13-13, and it was generally conceded that Leahy's decision to change formation had been a wise one.

Bertelli, who by now was a star of the first magnitude and the indispensable man in the T, almost didn't go to Notre Dame. And if he hadn't, Leahy could have blamed only himself. Angelo played schoolboy football at Cathedral High in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Frank had tried to get him to enroll at Boston College when he was coaching there. However, Milt Piepul, the Notre Dame captain in '40, who lived in northern Connecticut, had talked to Angelo first. When Leahy moved to South Bend he became heir to the kid who would soon become an All-America.

Creighton Miller also was an All-America. The son of Harry "Red" Miller and the nephew of Don, Creigh-

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ton, a cocky youngster, was a brainy pre-law student who refused a football scholarship at Notre Dame because his father could afford to pay his tuition. Because of his non-scholarship status, Creighton could be more independent than most of the players. He either laughed at, or rebelled against, Leahy's strict discipline time and again. And when Frank tried to put the screws to him he let it be known that he was thinking of transferring to Annapolis. With World War II on, Creighton actually did intend to become a Midshipman, but he flunked the physical because of chronic high blood pressure. He didn't report this news to his coach, though, and Leahy was on edge for fear he might lose his star. Finally, Creighton was drafted into the Army, got a quick medical discharge, and Leahy was delighted to have him back for the '43 season.

Whenever Frank Leahy met one of his players on campus he asked him three questions: "How do you feel, lad?"; "What's your weight?"; and "How's your family?" Creighton and his brother Tom suspected that Leahy didn't really listen to the replies, so one day they went out of their way to cross the coach's path.

To the first question they answered, "Terrible, absolutely rotten, and I'm getting worse by the minute." Leahy smiled and said, "That's fine, lad, just fine."

When Leahy asked the second question, they said, "Oh, about 285," roughly 100 pounds over their weight. "Great," said Leahy, "it's good to know you're watching it."

To the third question they said, "Not so hot. Dad broke his leg and he might not walk again." Leahy strolled off, saying, "Awfully glad to hear that, lad. Please give him my very best wishes when you write home, won't you?"

The Notre Dame team was loaded with comedians in the early Leahy years. Dippy Evans and Creighton

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Miller long will be remembered for putting an empty beer bottle in the hand of Father Sorin's statue. Creighton is also famed for apologizing to a bald-headed priest (known to the students as "The Skull,") because "I'm always getting in your hair." And there was Frank Szymanski. Szymanski once testified in a South Bend court as a witness to an automobile accident. On the stand he was told to identify himself. "I'm the best center Notre Dame ever had," he said. When Leahy heard about this he asked Szymanski why he made such a bold statement. "I had to tell the truth, coach," the boy said. "I was under oath."

The U.S. Navy set up a V-5 training program at Notre Dame during the War. This was the salvation of the Fighting Irish in '43. Szymanski, Herb Coleman, and Jim Mello enlisted as sailors and were assigned to remain temporarily on campus. In mid-summer the Navy transferred John Perko and Vic Kulbitski, of Minnesota, and Julie Rykovitch, of Illinois, to Notre Dame for duty. All three Big Ten stars became eligible for the football team. John Yonakor, Ziggy Czarobski, captain Pat Filley, Jim White, Paul Limont and John "Tree" Adams were still around, too. The one excuse Frank Leahy had for worrying was that Bertelli was awaiting a call from the Marine Corps.

The Irish opened against Pitt and blitzed the Panthers, 41-0. The Georgia Tech Yellowjackets were stung next, 53-13. The next week Ann Arbor, Notre Dame got its chance to avenge the '42 defeat by Michigan.

Bertelli completed five of eight passes against the Wolverines, two for touchdowns and one that put the Irish in scoring position. Miller averaged 15.9 yards per carry and scored twelve points. The team as a whole performed flawlessly and won, 35-12.

Three weeks later—after the Irish beat Wisconsin

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(50-0), Illinois (47-0) and Navy (33-6)—Bertelli was off to boot camp at Parris Island.

On the Wednesday before the Army game Leahy had a talk with a handsome, poised, perfectly prepared 18-year-old sophomore.

"Johnny," he said, "you've got a big job to do from here on in. You'll probably pull some boners, but don't be bothered by them. Now, a lot of people think Bert can't be replaced. I disagree. I say you've got the stuff."

"You're right, coach," Johnny Lujack said.

That same day Johnny felt his football cleats pinch his growing feet and asked for a new pair. He was handed the ones Bertelli had worn. He tried them for size and they fit. Johnny Lujack literally stepped into the shoes of Angelo Bertelli.

Johnny had been groomed for stardom by his three older brothers from the time he was a passing prodigy in touch football games around his home neighborhood in Connellsville, Pennsylvania. He outshone kids his own age when he made his first organized team at Cameron Junior High, and as a sophomore halfback at Connellsville High he was elected captain. Carrying the ball on single-wing power plays was his forte, but when he was stopped on the ground in one game he completed six straight passes for 90 yards. From safety he ran back two punts in a row against Mt. Pleasant, each for 70 yards.

He was football captain for three years, an honor student, basketball captain and high scorer as a back-court man, president of his senior class, shortstop in the city baseball league with a contract offer from the Pittsburgh Pirates and recipient of 13 college scholarship offers.

And there was a 14th offer that came on the night of graduation. It was from Congressman J. Buell Snyder, who informed the audience in the Connellsville High School auditorium that he was presenting Johnny with

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an appointment to the United States Military Academy. Johnny was startled. He knew that West Point was interested in him, and that an Army officer had talked to his Polish-born parents about it. But Johnny had said he had other plans.

Johnny rose and made a simple, dignified speech: "I'm very thankful for the honor you have bestowed upon me, but my heart is at Notre Dame. I wish to complete my education there and, if I can, play football on that team."

This sincere announcement of intent brought rumbles from West Point to South Bend. Colonel Earl "Red" Blaik, the West Point coach, accused Notre Dame of tampering with Johnny. Father John J. Cavanaugh made a special trip to the Military Academy to discuss the dispute. He is reported to have said, "If you want him you can have him, but the boy prefers not to come here." There was nothing West Point officials could say in reply.

In the Navy game in '43 Johnny had engineered two Notre Dame touchdowns, so Frank Leahy trusted that the 180-pound, six-foot youngster wouldn't choke up in his debut as starting quarterback against West Point.

Yankee Stadium was packed to capacity on November 6. Lujack might have had butterflies in his belly but he didn't show it. He was as blasé as a croupier operating a fixed wheel.

The first time they got the ball the Irish advanced steadily for 62 yards on runs by Creighton Miller, Jim Mello and Bob Kelly and passes by Lujack to "Jumbo John" Yonakor. Army held at the two-yard line. Taking the punt from the end zone, Kelly ran it back 17 yards to the West Point 31. Lujack stepped behind a protective crescent of green-shirted blockers and lofted a soft pass to Yonakor. Six points for Notre Dame! In less than 15 minutes Johnny had completed three passes for a 107 yards and a touchdown.

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His next two passes missed. The first was too long. The second was intercepted by Cadet Carl Anderson. Anderson raced to mid-field where Lujack toppled the two-man interference and the ball carrier with a diving tackle.

In the third quarter Jim White stole the loosely-held ball from the hands of Glenn "Junior" Davis and Notre Dame had possession at the Army 12. The West Pointers stiffened their defenses. Lujack fired a pass to Miller. Fourth down on the seven. Lujack passed to the right flat. Yonakor scored again. Bill Early added the extra point: 13-0.

Army battled back. Notre Dame retaliated. Kulbitski, Kelly and Miller advanced to the West Point eight. Miller bumped to the one-yard line. There was a delay while the Fighting Irish argued amongst themselves in the huddle. Actually, one man was debating against ten. Everybody except Lujack wanted Johnny, who had maneuvered the team for five first downs in a row, to keep the ball for a sneak. Johnny finally agreed. He scored on a plunge over the right side.

In the waning minutes Billy Early contributed another touchdown. Final score: Notre Dame 26, Army 0.

The next week the Irish whipped Northwestern, 25-6, and were declared National Champions after defeating the Iowa Pre-Flight Seahawks, 14-13.

The '43 season lasted 52 seconds too long for Notre Dame, however. Steve Latch of Great Lakes threw a pass half the length of the field, and Paul Anderson caught it at the six-yard line and bounded untouched across the goal. Notre Dame lost, 19-14.

"You're still champions to me, boys," Frank Leahy said in a post-game talk to his disappointed team. "You fought every inch of the way. I don't know how to show my appreciation to each one of you, but if the day ever comes when you need something, call on me. Then I'll try to show you what is in my heart toward

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the grandest bunch of boys who have gone through the toughest schedule any team ever has been called on to face. Nobody is to blame for that last Great Lakes touchdown. It was just a fine play, splendidly executed."

Grantland Rice rated the '43 Fighting Irish team the best in Notre Dame history. He wrote: "It is my belief that . . . [they] could have beaten the 1930 team by two or three touchdowns and wrecked the Four Horsemen through a surplus of power, deception, and passing. . . ."

Before Johnny Lujack joined the Navy at the end of his sophomore year he accomplished something that hadn't been done at Notre Dame since 1914. Back then, Alfred "Big Dutch" Bergman and Rupe Mills earned major monograms in four sports—football, basketball, baseball, and track—and Johnny duplicated their achievement.

In April, 1944, Frank Leahy was granted a leave of absence from Notre Dame when he applied for a commission in the Navy. He was sworn in as a full lieutenant and put in charge of recreation for submarine crews in the Pacific Theatre. Ed McKeever was named his *pro tem* replacement as coach of the Irish.

There were fewer than 700 civilian students at Notre Dame the following fall.

The War Years

THE MEMORIES of the Fighting Irish, in '44 and '45 are dreary for 11 reasons—*The Black Knights of the Hudson*.

For 13 seasons Army had been denied a victory over Notre Dame. Now the Cadets were the greatest array of collegiate football players ever collected. Those seasons they clobbered the Irish, 59-0 and 48-0.

In '44 Notre Dame defended its national championship with a team composed entirely of navy trainees, freshman too young for the draft, giants too big for Selective Service specifications and Armed Forces rejects and cast-offs. Among these, only five men were previous letter winners. Surprisingly, they came through well.

The proper way to gauge the team's quality, of course, is to evaluate its performances against teams that, like their own, were war-weakened. Relatively, Notre Dame was excellent. The service academies were simply in a class by themselves.

Before losing to Army the Irish had lost to Navy, 13-32. But that was after beating Pittsburgh, 58-0, Tulane, 26-0, Dartmouth, 64-0, Wisconsin, 28-13, and Illinois, 13-7. Following the Army game they won over

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Northwestern, 21-0, Georgia Tech, 21-0, and Great Lakes, 28-7.

Ed "Tex" McKeever, the temporary coach, was offered a permanent position at Cornell on the strength of the Irish showing in '44, and Hughie Devore, one of the most popular men ever associated with Notre Dame football, became head coach in '45.

Hughie, a modest and kindly person, was one of Rockne's last recruits. He went to Notre Dame as an All-Star and All-Metropolitan end from St. Benedict's Prep in Newark, New Jersey and was a mainstay for Hunk Anderson for three seasons. He was co-captain of the football team with Tom "Kitty" Gorman in '33, and an honor graduate the following Spring. He remained at Notre Dame in '34 as coach of freshmen, and for the next three years was line coach at Fordham. In '38 he was head coach at Providence, and he stayed there for four years. He then went as an assistant to Holy Cross, where his scouting work resulted in the sensational Crusader upset of Boston College in '42. In '43 he was back at Notre Dame as line coach, and in '45 he led the Irish to seven wins in a ten-game season.

Army beat Hughie's Fighting Irish team. So did Great Lakes, 39-7. Navy tied it, 6-6. On the other side of the ledger were victories over Illinois, 7-0, Georgia Tech, 40-7, Dartmouth, 34-0, Pittsburgh, 39-9, Iowa, 56-0, Northwestern, 34-7, and Tulane, 32-6.

Reminiscing about his single year as Notre Dame head coach, Hughie says, "Our problem wasn't how to win games; it was how to keep the score down. We had a flock of hot-shots, which is what people forget. They were young kids mostly, but they were sharp, and plenty rough. Take Terry Brennan, who was only seventeen, for instance. He was as good as any halfback in the country. Remember what we did against Navy?"

The game with Navy, played on neutral ground in Cleveland, was a bloody affair. Irish fullback Frank

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Ruggerio had two teeth knocked out and afterwards needed 13 stitches in his jaw and lower lip. Halfback Elmer "Bud" Angsman left 11 teeth embedded in the turf, and a dentist later removed two more. Other casualties were John "Pep" Panelli (a shoulder separation) and Vince Scott, (a brain concussion). Not a player escaped unhurt.

Still, the Irish came within a scant fraction of a foot of beating the Middies. In the final moments of play Frank "Boley" Dancewicz connected on a pass to Phil Colella. Phil careened toward the goal and appeared to have crossed the line when Skippy Minisi of Navy jolted him backwards. The officials placed the ball's nose on the final stripe. Dancewicz attempted a quarterback sneak but couldn't budge the Middle line. Terry Brennan tried the right side. He was smothered. Then the game was over.

Over the weekend there was considerable disagreement about whether or not Colella, or Dancewicz, or Brennan, too, had scored. Newspaper and radio reports conflicted. Still photographs supplied inconclusive evidence, for they showed Colella, on the play most disputed, with his feet in the end zone and his body leaning at an angle over Navy territory, short of the goal line. It was conceded that Minisi had forced him to fall on his back. But was the ball at any time over or past the line?

On Monday members of the Football Writers Association viewed the newsreel films of the controversial plays at Toots Shor's restaurant in New York. The regular-speed film footage was run, and the voting on the Colella play was split about even. A second showing swayed some men to the belief that Phil had indeed made it. A screening of slow-motion shots showed he hadn't, however. The writers voted 34-to-five in support of the game officials. The vote was overwhelming.

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ly in favor of the opinion that the two line bucks that followed had failed, too.

Frank Leahy began his terminal leave from the Navy before the '45 season ended, and there was some pressure on Hughie Devore to get him to step aside and let Frank take charge of the team. Hughie resisted it, though the circumstances were touchy. The consensus said he should be entitled to complete the creditable job he had done thus far.

"That Good, Solid Thump-Thump-Thump"

COACH FRANK LEAHY climbed to the 30-foot-high platform that gave him a panoramic view of Cartier Field and, through a battery of loudspeakers, orated: "Nothing is as important as that good, solid thump-thump-thump!"

Off the field he is charming, gracious and sociable. He is so painstakingly pleasant, in fact, that people sometimes doubt his sincerity.

On the field, in contrast, he tended to be sarcastic, scornful, and so bent on winning that he often made a tragicomic spectacle of himself. He believed that unless his players squawked about the amount of work they got they weren't getting enough. Everything he said and did during practice sessions and games was intended to spur the Fighting Irish on to super-human effort, to be sure, but he found no room for compassion.

In the spring of '46 the Irish were subjected to a three-month period of strenuous training. Former flyers and soldiers worked kinks out of muscles that had been cramped in cockpits and foxholes. Ex-sailors sweated suet off their mid-sections and regained their land legs. Discharged marines developed more stamina than they had when they hit Japanese-held beaches.

The results?

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Throughout the next four seasons and into the fifth the Fighting Irish played 39 games without defeat. They won national championships in '46, '47 and '49. They retired the Williams Trophy after the third title. And they dominated All-America teams, being awarded 13 selections in that immediate post-war period.

In the line the '46 team had Jim Martin, George Connor, Bill Fischer, George Strohmeier, Johnny Mastrangelo, Ziggy Czarobski and Jack Zilly. In the backfield there were Johnny Lujack, Terry Brennan, who was spelled by Bob Livingston and Gerry Cowhig at left half, Emil Sitko, and Jim Mello and John Panelli at fullback.

But those fellows were only the first team. With a plethora of war veterans, transfer students, holdovers and a large contingent of eligible freshmen (the war-time suspension of the three-year rule was still in effect), Leahy had a bench that was seven deep in every position. And that's not counting a B squad of 33 men, most of whom could have made any other college team.

In '47 Jim Martin was a holdover at end, and Leon Hart, who made the Monogram Club as a freshman, was on the right flank. Captain Connor and Czarobski were the tackles, Fischer teamed with Marty Wendell at the guards, and Bill Walsh beat Strohmeier out for the center post. The backfield was Lujack, Brennan, Sitko and Panelli.

Brennan and Sitko led the Notre Dame offense both these years. Brennan scored 66 points, carried the ball 87 times, caught 16 passes for 191 yards, and returned 11 punts for 115 yards. Sitko averaged six yards per carry, was the leading ground gainer and was second in scoring with five touchdowns.

Notre Dame featured a power game interspersed with passes. Lujack completed 49 of 100 passes for 778 yards and five touchdowns in '46, and also ran 47 yards

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to score against Iowa. He connected on 61 of 109 passes in '47, for 777 yards and nine touchdowns. That same year Frank Tripucka, who spelled Johnny at quarterback, made good on 25 of 44 forwards, for a better average than Lujack's.

Lujack, who went on active duty with the navy in July, 1943, graduated as an ensign from the Columbia Midshipman's School in December a year later. He then served for 11 months on a sub chaser in the Atlantic, and in '45 played service football with the Ft. Pierce, Florida, team. Twice an All-America after returning to Notre Dame, he was called, by an admiring sportswriter, the *Beau Ideal* of American sports.

About the '47 Fighting Irish, who were unbeaten and untied and scored 291 points against nine opponents' 52, Lujack says, "This team had experience and the best balance both offensively and defensively of the three ['43, '46 and '47] . . . Nine players of the first 11 played pro ball successfully . . . This team was best suited for the one-platoon system because all of the men with the exception of Sitko played defense anyway."

The 1947 Southern Cal game is a classic example of how Leahy's sharp-eyed observations paid off for Notre Dame time after time. Notre Dame cherishes its victories over the Trojans almost as much as it did those over Army. And a win this time would mean another undefeated season and certain national championship acclaim.

At half-time the Irish had a 10-7 lead, and had held it with Johnny Lujack's dramatic interception of a pass in the closing moments of the second quarter. During the intermission Frank gave Johnny the instructions that broke the game wide open. Frank had spotted a certain USC weakness, and he told his quarterback to call an off-tackle play the first time Notre Dame got the ball in the second half.

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The Trojans kicked off and Notre Dame ran it back to its own 24. Lujack followed orders. On the right side of the line Czarowski and Hart provided the hole. Martin drove a linebacker to the outside and Sitko sprinted into the clear. Conner chopped down Gordon Gray, USC's safety man, and Fischer had gone downfield to protect Sitko from the rear during the remainder of the perfectly-executed play. It had taken timing, precision and daring to pull it off. All those attributes were present in the 76-yard scoring sortie that sparked the 38-7 win.

The '48 edition of Leahy's Lads—starring ends Martin and Hart, captain Fischer and Wendell at guards, center Walsh, and backs Tripucka, Brennan, Sitko and Panelli—established new Notre Dame ground-gaining standards. The Irish totalled 3,194 yards in ten games, surpassing the '43 team by 57 yards. It also stretched Leahy's winning streak to 20 games.

The dramatic highlight of the '48 season again came in the game with USC, the last on the schedule. Notre Dame had defeated Purdue, Pitt, Michigan State, Nebraska, Iowa, Navy, Indiana, Northwestern and Washington. The Trojans, on the other hand, had lost two games, and were rated underdogs against the Irish.

There was no score going into the second quarter. Tripucka faded to pass. He hit Hart on the USC 40. Instantly, Jay Roundy jarred Hart with a tremendous block-tackle. The tall, tough Irishman staggered under the impact, but recovered his balance and was away. Heading for the goal line he was hit twice more by Roundy. Don Doll belted him. So did two other Trojan defenders. With sheer brute strength Hart stayed erect and struggled loose to score.

Tripucka was hurt on the last play of the first half and sophomore Bob Williams took his place. After a kicking duel in the third stanza, USC tied the score,

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7-7, and forged ahead in the fourth, 14-7, on a second touchdown by Bill Martin.

Lining up to receive the kick-off, Irish halfback Bill Gay asked the referee how much time remained. "Two minutes and 30 seconds," replied the official. Gay said, "Thank you, sir—that's enough."

Gay grabbed the kickoff and scampered 87 yards to the Trojan 12. Four plays later Red Sitko scored for the Irish. Steve Oracko kicked the point that tied the score and saved Leahy's undefeated streak.

The next year Leahy groaned, "We'll have the worst team Notre Dame ever had and we'll probably lose seven games."

For once people agreed with Frank's chronic pessimism. In most positions the Irish were either undermanned or inexperienced. Graduation had taken Tri-pucka and decimated the line. Co-captain Jim Martin had to move from end to tackle to bolster the forward wall, and Leon Hart, with whom he shared the leadership honor, doubled at end and fullback. Bill Waybright, Bill Wightkin, and soph Jim Mutscheller were the spares on the flanks. Bob Williams was to play regular quarterback and Mike Swistowicz, Frank Spaniel, Jack Landry, Larry Coutre and Bill Gay were also the backfield. Fortunately, Emil "Six Yard" Sitko was there, too.

Sitko in '48 scored nine touchdowns, and he made another nine in '49. The swivel-hipped halfback from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, whose older brother Steve played for Elmer Layden in the late '30s, gained 712 yards in his fourth varsity season. From '46 through '49 he carried the ball 363 times for 2,226 yards, for an average 6.1. Thus, his nickname. He scored 26 touchdowns for the Irish.

In the Southern Methodist game in '49, a thriller played at Dallas, Kyle Rote scored two touchdowns to tie the Irish, 20-20, in the third quarter.

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Frank Spaniel got the next kickoff and threaded his way to his own 43. Sitko and Jim Barrett advanced in five plays to the SMU 26. Hart, from fullback, blasted for six. Barrett added six more. So did Bill Gay. It was Barrett again, to the six-yard line. Williams pitched out to Barrett who went wide to put Notre Dame ahead.

But Southern Methodist wasn't through yet. The Mustangs marched to the Notre Dame five. On fourth down Jerry Groom and Bob Lally broke up a Rote jump pass, and the game was saved. Notre Dame 27, SMU 20.

A 32-0 victory over Southern Cal brought the Irish the last national championship they have won. They were selected in '49 over Oklahoma, California and Army, each of whom had gone undefeated, too.

Frank Leahy was the ruler of the gridiron. But, though he was respected for his record, he was not universally liked. This gave rise to rumors that he was planning to retire from coaching. Officially, the rumors were spiked.

"We want Frank here as long as he carries on athletics according to his ideals," Father Cavanaugh said.

A Man Called Moose

IN THE diplomacy of intercollegiate sports it is best to have an ambassador who can make you forget defeat with a smile, a gift cigar, and a slap on the back.

So at Notre Dame, in 1949, they handed the portfolio labeled *Director of Athletics* to a public relations-minded, hail-fellow-well-met type of chap and relieved lugubrious Frank Leahy of an out-of-character assignment.

To Ed "Moose" Krause went the task of mending fences and seeking new opponents to replace those who had defected from the Notre Dame schedule.

"Frank wants to coach," said Father John J. Cavanaugh, "and an Athletic Director must take a vital interest in all sports. Frank always has been completely wrapped up in football. He himself recommended, as long ago as 1946, that Krause, whom we here consider to be a fine gentleman and an excellent influence on the students, take over the directorship from him. We finally decided this spring to act on his suggestion.

"Krause is a man who stands for the things we represent," Father Cavanaugh added. "He's clean-cut, amusing, a devoted family man and easy to get to know. We think of him as a typical Notre Dame man."

A Notre Dame man can ask for no greater tribute.

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Moose took the job knowing that he had to get out and be one of the gang, a tactic borrowed from Rockne. Leahy bore a polite and formal facade, and had trouble unbending. This was his undoing as a director of athletics.

Frank's first failure as Notre Dame glad-hander came when he bruised Fritz Crisler of Michigan. The renewed series with the Wolverines was stopped after games in '42 and '43. In '42 he got his old teammate Marchy Schwartz, the Stanford coach, sore. What was to have been a home-and-home series with the Palo Alto Indians was cut short after one game. And in '46 came the announcement that the classic series with Army was being cancelled.

In a game billed as a vendetta—but which wasn't—Notre Dame met Army at Yankee Stadium in '46. Both teams played cautiously. Terry Brennan had a good day, gaining more yardage than either Felix "Doc" Blanchard or Glenn "Junior" Davis of Army, but he couldn't score. The one Notre Dame thrust of the afternoon that might have led to a touchdown was thwarted when Bill Gompers was knocked out of bounds by Cadet Hank Foldberg at the Army three-yard line. The only Army chance to score came when Doc Blanchard broke into the clear; Lujack brought him down with a desperate shoe-string tackle. The game ended a 0-0 deadlock.

After the game Earl Blaik, the Army coach, told reporters: "We'll never have another chance to beat Notre Dame."

The significance of his seemingly casual remark didn't come to light until a few weeks later when, on December 30, 1946, the following news release was filed with the wire services:

"The football relationship between Army and Notre Dame will be temporarily interrupted after

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the 1947 game, according to a joint announcement made today by Maj. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, and the Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame.

"Two reasons led to the decision. The first was the conviction of the authorities of both schools that the Army-Notre Dame game had grown to such proportions that it had come to be played under conditions escaping the control of the two colleges, some of which were not conducive to wholesome intercollegiate sport. The second reason is the desire of West Point as a national institution to achieve greater flexibility in the scheduling of intersectional opponents throughout the country.

"In coming to the decision to interrupt the series both Army and Notre Dame avow the intention of renewing the traditional rivalry from time to time when the resumption will serve the interests of both institutions and of intercollegiate athletics.

"Out of consideration for the cordial relationships which have always existed between West Point and Notre Dame the Army team will travel to South Bend in 1947 for the game on November 8."

Every word of the announcement was true—but it left a lot unsaid.

It neglected to mention that closer contact between Leahy and Blaik would have been desirable, for instance. Perhaps their mutual friendship couldn't have solved the problems of gambling, ticket speculation and poison-pen letters from irresponsible Fighting Irish fans. But friendship could have made possible other means of approaching the matter. Blaik was responsible for the break, not Leahy. Frank was a victim of the cancellation, yet, in a particular sense, he was not

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without blame. That is, he stressed winning with such intensity that he was resented.

Leahy was honest with himself in facing the issue. He offered to resign from Notre Dame. "We told the university to make this offer to Army if that would bring the two together," he said later.

The resignation was not accepted, and if it had been it wouldn't have made any difference. West Point would never admit that animosity for Leahy had been a factor in the affair. Nor would it say that a principle reason for the cancellation was that Blaik was loath to continue to meet teams coached by Frank Leahy simply because and face a constant threat of defeat.

Sadly, Frank Leahy talked about the Army series: "There was a special flavor to the close camaraderie that existed between coaches [*sic*] and players from the two institutions, a valuable sportsmanlike attribute that is as much a part of football as an inflated pigskin. For 34 years the Army game was the high-water mark on the Notre Dame schedule, and to play in the contest for only one minute was the ambition of every candidate for our team. We have been justifiably proud of the achievements of the men who met in those games, whether on the gridiron or in later life, and whether they represented the Cadets or the Fighting Irish."

Frank used trite terms and stilted syntax when he spoke, but real emotion was behind his every word.

Notre Dame lost its best audience when *The Big Game* with Army was no longer played in New York. The "subway alumni" had adopted the Irish immediately after Rockne, Dorais, Eichenlaub, et al defeated the Cadets in '13. Angus McDonald, the Notre Dame star before the turn of the century who became a railroad president, used to arrange excursion trains to carry the crowds of Irish fans up the Hudson to The Plain every year. When the stands at Cullum Hall Field, West Point, were taxed beyond capacity in the

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early Twenties, the game was moved, first to Ebbets Field in Brooklyn in '23, then to the Polo Grounds in Manhattan in '24, and to Yankee Stadium in the Bronx in '25. One game, in '30, was played in Soldiers Field in Chicago, but its rightful setting was New York, where it was an annual event unrivaled for pomp, merriment, and sentimentalism.

Leahy was greatly handicapped in regard to his duties as director of athletics. Coaching in modern football is a year-round job for a specialist, and, if maximum results are to be obtained, there should be no distracting obligations. The appointment of Moose Krause as assistant director of athletics at Notre Dame in 1948 was tacit acknowledgement that Leahy was over-burdened with details in his dual capacity.

After Army dropped Notre Dame, Northwestern, whose rivalry with the Irish was the longest of all, bowed out, too. Then things got sticky with Tulane, and there was no renewal of the series contract with the New Orleans university beyond '50. In short, the freeze was on the Fighting Irish.

Grantland Rice, writing for *SPORT Magazine*, reported: "I put this problem [of the freeze] up to the president of a Big Nine institution, one of the biggest in the conference. 'We have nothing against Notre Dame,' he said. 'We have nothing against the Notre Dame football team. But the answer is this. When we play Michigan or others in our city, eighty percent of the spectators are for us. When we go to their cities, eighty percent of the crowds are for them. But when any of us plays Notre Dame, seventy percent of the spectators are for Notre Dame . . . It's a matter of religion, not football. We simply don't care to mix athletics and religion . . .'"

A Notre Dame official was asked by Rice to comment on that statement. "Religion has very little to do with it," he said. Rice thought that whatever the real

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reason, "rival teams usually find that they are out-classed by Notre Dame." Then he discussed charges that Notre Dame had raided other colleges for football material. This was in reference to men like George Connor, Jim White and George Strohmeier, three Irish players who played elsewhere and then transferred to South Bend. Leahy rebutted: "We get a fine inflow of good football players. . . . We don't have to do any raiding or proselyting. We pay no money to any football player. But if anyone had the idea that we are going to turn away good football players just to get on somebody's schedule, this is entirely wrong. We are going to have the best football teams our student body can turn out with the coaching they will get."

Columnist Henry McLemore also wrote about the freeze: "There was a time in this country when the hard way was the way that was wanted, because it offered a challenge. It offered boys and men the chance to prove that they were just that, with no apron strings binding them when they went out to take a whack at what was tough.

"There was a time when a football team would rather beat Notre Dame once in ten years than boast of ten consecutive victories over Podunk Poly Tech. Now they want Podunk every Saturday, with parades after every game, and with everything aglow except their pride.

"There was a time in this country when a premium was placed on perfection. No more. The time has come when to be popular you must be in the middle—not too good, not too bad. So far, Notre Dame has not subscribed to that theory when it fields a football team. It sends its men out to do their best. Heaven help us when we are sent out to do less than that. . . . I wonder if the coaches who don't want to schedule the Irish ever consider the possibility that Frank Leahy might be a better coach than they are. I wonder, too, when it becomes wrong in this country to be the best."

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The situation had become more and more complex. Leahy wasn't about to go into the tank. Moose Krause had to find opponents who didn't mind taking their chances with the Fighting Irish.

With Leahy doing the spade work, Texas, Southern Methodist and North Carolina were signed for '49. Krause later made deals with Detroit, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and University of Miami. Now, the thaw was on.

Moose Krause is a 250-pound, six-foot, three-inch Lithuanian from "back of the yards" on Chicago's South Side. He has enough power in his box-car build to bust his way out of a bank vault. He has a nose that takes a detour down his long face and a pair of close-set eyes that are as alert as a pawn broker's yet as soft as a bird dog's.

At De La Salle High School in Chicago Moose won 11 major letters, captained three sports teams and was All-City and All-State in football and basketball. When he was a sophomore at Notre Dame he blocked two punts against Northwestern and scored a touchdown on one of them. He played as a regular for three seasons and became an All-America in '33.

He was Notre Dame's first All-America in basketball, and many historians of the court game say the three-second rule limit in the pivot was a result of Krause's work in the slot. He was an unrelenting rebounder, and a hook-shot artist. To shake his man he would whip his hips around like a hula dancer who wants to finish her routine before the joint is raided. Against Butler he once sank a last-second, score-tying basket while lying on his back at the foul line. The next day coach George Keogan walked into the fieldhouse at Notre Dame and discovered every member of the squad trying to copy the Krause-patented shot.

Moose also is remembered at Notre Dame as a fine undergraduate actor. In a production of the university's

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annual show, *The Monogram Absurdities*, he played a girl in an adagio routine, dancing with normal-sized Laurie Vejar of the Fighting Irish backfield. On opening night Moose thought he would liven up the act. He heaved Vejar into the audience. Moose can always be counted on for lots of laughs.

The New York Celtics' pro basketball team signed Moose after his graduation. He also worked at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minnesota, where he coached football, basketball, baseball, track, golf and tennis, scheduled all games, meets and matches for all sports, and instructed a class in journalism. Later he coached basketball at Holy Cross and assisted in football. Leahy brought him back to Notre Dame as line coach in '42, and the next winter, after the death of George Keogan, he became head basketball coach. He was an air combat intelligence officer with the Marines in the Pacific during the war, and once, after finishing a briefing of some flyers, he had a choir of South Sea natives, who spoke no English, sing a pidgin rendition of The Notre Dame Victory March.

As Leahy's assistant, Moose concentrated on the tackles and was in charge of all substituting. On the bench, a bow tie was as much a part of him as his scowl. He made his replacements according to a prepared chart that listed any possible situation. For instance, the lineup for certain defenses was planned in advance, and the combinations of men who worked well together were sent on the field to be there at strategic moments.

On two occasions—the Southern Cal game in '46, and the Tulane game in '47—he acted as head coach in Leahy's absence. He helped get the Irish prepared for '48, and, after the season's opener against Purdue game withdrew to a desk. The team dedicated that game to Moose and carried him off on their shoulders after a 28-27 victory.

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Moose missed football after becoming the chief administrator in the Notre Dame athletic department. "Some afternoons after I quit," Moose says, "I actually walked down the road and peeked at the team while it practiced through a knot hole in the board fence."

Ed "Moose" Krause continues as Director of Athletics at Notre Dame to this day, and he personifies success.

Meanwhile, Frank Leahy had a few additional troubles besides his relations with other schools. For one, the press was riding him a bit. Ever since '41, when he had his backfield practicing at Notre Dame over the summer months, and had the whole team jump the official practice date, he was considered fair game by some sportswriters. Now he was being accused of teaching dirty football, especially after some difficulties with West Coast coaches and officials over incidents in games with the University of Washington. Furthermore, his tactics were criticized when he had players fake injuries to stop the clock in crucial moments against Iowa, and when his team used a "sucker shift" to draw opponents off-side. And the Fighting Irish went into a slump, too. After being upset by Purdue in the second game of '50 (the game that ended the undefeated streak at 39 games), they lost their aplomb. Then the priests cut back on the number of scholarships available to Leahy. And on top of all this, constant overwork began to have a seriously harmful effect on his health.

In '50, '51 and '52—years in which he had good material in Paul Burns, Bob Toneff, Bob Rigali, Jim Mutscheller, Menvil Mavraides, John Pettibon, Art Hunter, Jim Schrader, Frank Varrichione, Joe Heap, Dick Syzmanski, Niel Worden, Dan Shannon, Paul Matz, Johnny Lattner and Ralph Gugielmi, but had few strong reserves in support of them—Frank faltered for a while, and then staged a comeback.

Fifty was his poorest season; he won 4, lost 4 and

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tied 1. Fifty-one and '52 were better; he won 7, lost 2 and tied 1 each year. His biggest disappointment those seasons were three straight losses to Michigan State.

The Fighting Irish played a suicide schedule in each of those years. In recognition of this fact, Notre Dame finished third in the poll conducted by The Associated Press in '52. That season the Irish whipped four conference champions and tied another. They won against Purdue (co-champs of the Western Conference); Oklahoma (titlist of the Big Seven); Texas (the Southwest Conference winner), and Southern Cal (champions of the Pacific Coast Conference). The tie was with Penn (winners in the Ivy League).

At the end of the '52 season Frank Leahy went back to the Mayo Clinic.

He was in bad shape when the '53 season began, against Oklahoma. Frank was heartened when the Sooners were beaten (28-21), and likewise when the Irish defeated Purdue (37-7) and Pitt (23-14). At half-time in the Georgia Tech game, Frank collapsed.

The team, which was struggling to hold a 7-0 lead over a Tech 11 that had been unbeaten in its last 32 games, waited for a pep talk from its coach. They didn't know that he was in an anteroom of the Notre Dame Stadium where oxygen and the last rites of the Catholic Church were being administered to him.

He had been stricken by an excruciating pain in his left side. He was asked if it was a heart attack. He mumbled that he didn't think so. Fighting Irish captain Don Penza was brought in to see him. Don returned to the locker room and told the players what had happened. Father Edmund Joyce, the university vice-president, rode with Frank in the ambulance while the team went out for the third quarter.

None of the players knew exactly what was wrong with their coach. They were upset. Their defense

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patterns were confused and Tech tied the score at 7-7.

The Tech players were wondering what was wrong; they saw the Fighting Irish bawling like babies. Afterwards Johnny Lattner, the All-America half-back, said, "Of course we were crying. Is that something to be ashamed of? All we could think of in the second half was coach Leahy."

The Irish eventually settled down, and they won for Frank, 27-14.

Frank's illness was diagnosed as a severe case of pancreatitis. He recovered slowly. His job had taken its toll.

On the advice of his doctors, Frank Leahy, at the age of 45, resigned from Notre Dame on the last day of January, 1954. He compiled a won-lost average of .888—second only to Rockne's, .897.

Terry Brennan: Young Man In A Hurry

"HE'S ONLY 25," wrote Notre Dame alumnus Red Smith in his syndicated New York *Herald Tribune* sports column. "But by the time he's 30, he'll be a good deal more than five years older."

Soon after Terence Patrick Brennan was appointed head coach of the Fighting Irish, he was invited to a testimonial dinner to be given in his honor by a group of his hopeful admirers in Detroit. Terry, a sensible youth in many respects, asked Moose Krause to save him the embarrassment of such a premature tribute. Grinning, he said, "Tell them to wait until I've won a game."

Five years later, when he had won 32 games and lost 18, there was a testimonial dinner for him at South Bend. He had been fired, and his hand-picked coaching assistants and friends wanted to demonstrate their affection. Not a single member of the Notre Dame faculty showed up.

Between these incidents, Terry disappointed many of his original well-wishers, incurred the disapproval of a number of his patrons, and was dismissed for "failing to fulfill Notre Dame's commitment to excellence."

Looking back on his discharge, which came as a shock to both Terry and the general public, the icy

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Irishman today claims he bears no grudge. Yet a hard look is fixed on his handsome face and the thin line of his mouth tightens when he reviews what he regards as the reasons for the sudden end to his coaching career. In his opinion he was victimized by revised policies of the university that made it more difficult for athletes to get into Notre Dame and stay there; he felt victimized by inheriting a freshman team that three years later could place only two regulars on the varsity; and he felt victimized by being permitted only 18 scholarships in his first year.

Terry never mentions his own faults, which were a source of consternation at Notre Dame and the real reasons for his getting fired.

Terry quickly revealed shortcomings typical of young men who get ahead in too much of a hurry. He had an overweening self-confidence. He did not solicit or accept advice from more experienced and knowledgeable men. He was inflexible once he had formulated an idea. He was lax in the enforcement of discipline. He was unmindful of the benefits of hard physical labor in training. He was quick to take credit and slow to give it. He was unimaginative in his football theories. He was neglectful of the emotional aspects of sport.

Terry was a man whose intellectuality robbed him of the sympathy of others; whose arbitrariness destroyed his popularity within the confines of the Notre Dame campus; whose immature judgment cost him the esteem of his players.

Father Edmund P. Joyce, executive vice-president of the university and chairman of the faculty board in control of athletics, says, "Terry Brennan is one of the finest graduates we have ever produced at Notre Dame. If we hadn't felt . . . [that he was] . . . we would never have hired him. [We] deeply regret that Terry did not succeed as we had hoped. [What happened] is

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as much an indictment of our judgment as it is of his football coaching ability."

Terry's background indicates why he was selected as Leahy's successor—and also indicates why the mishap of his coaching experience at Notre Dame won't forever be a blight on his life.

Terry's father, Martin J. Brennan, a senior partner of a Milwaukee law firm, was a football player, too. First, he played at Creighton. Then, in '09, he played one season at Notre Dame. Finally, he went to Marquette, and in '10 played against the Fighting Irish.

Terry was born in Milwaukee five months before the "win one for Gipper" game between Army and Notre Dame in '28. His first football was played in his own backyard in White Fish Bay, a fashionable section of Milwaukee. He and his elder brother Jimmy were stars on the St. Monica grammar-school team in their parish, and later at Marquette High School. He was big for a 13-year-old freshman in high school, but was told he was too small at 120 pounds to play football. He played anyway, but without distinction in the beginning. Jimmy was a regular and Terry was a sub. In his junior year Terry hurt his knee, but by the end of the season was in the starting backfield with his brother.

That year Moose Krause visited the Brennan home to give Jimmy a sales pitch on Notre Dame. Jimmy originally wanted to go to Marquette, but that college overlooked him and Notre Dame didn't. Moose was persuasive, as always, and Jimmy made a deal to go to South Bend in '44.

Before Moose said good-bye he turned to Terry. "Keep drinking lots of milk, boy," he advised, "and maybe you can come to Notre Dame, too."

As soon as Jimmy arrived at Notre Dame he started singing the praises of Terry. He kept after Ed McKeever, showed him Terry's press clippings and told him how his baby-faced brother had made All-City

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and All-Conference quarterback his senior year at Marquette High. Ed promised to give Terry a scholarship but left Notre Dame shortly afterwards. Jimmy had to begin his sales campaign all over again, this time on Hughie Devore.

Meanwhile, Martin Brennan took Terry to Notre Dame to watch an afternoon of spring practice. Five minutes was enough to prompt him to say, "Come on, Terry, let's find another school where they're not so big and rough."

"Just get me a new knee," Terry said, "and I'll do all right with these fellows." An operation was performed on a torn cartilage and Terry, 5-10 and 160 pounds, scored his first touchdown for Notre Dame against Tulane in '45.

Leahy saw Terry in action at the end of the '45 season, and picked him over a dozen or so other left half-backs for the starting lineup in '46. Terry, the youngest regular on a team of ex-servicemen, was chosen for his toughness on defense as much as his steadiness on offense. "Dependable Terry" Frank Leahy called him, and George Connor says, "Whenever we needed three yards badly, Terry got the call from Lujack and we all knew he'd make the distance."

"I think the '46 Army game was the best I ever played," Terry says. "I carried the ball 14 times for 69 yards. It was a real rock 'em game. You were on your toes every minute."

Cadet Jack Mackmull kicked off to start the Army-Notre Dame game at South Bend in '47.

The ball was caught by the wind and carried out of bounds at the Notre Dame 25. It was brought back, and the second time the kickoff was good. It arced high and on a line slightly to the left of the Notre Dame goal posts. Brennan, playing too far upfield, had to turn and face his own goal to make a running catch over his right shoulder. He wheeled around at the

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three-yard line, headed up the middle, and, untouched, got past Johnny Trent and Arnold Galiffa, who were blocked by Bill Fischer and Jim Martin.

One step past the 20 Terry veered to his left out of reach of Goble Bryant's clawing arms. Two more strides and he cut back to avoid the toppled remnants of the West Point flank. Galiffa dove over Martin and grabbed at Terry, but his target was gone. Brennan was all alone at the 30. Like a hookey-player being chased by a truant officer, he shot past the 40. By the time he crossed into West Point territory he was almost beyond the long shadows of his pursuers. Cadet safety Bill Gustafson gained inches on the bounding Brennan, but Terry swung to his right at the 20 and trotted over the goal 15 yards from the sideline. It was the longest run of the entire Army series and came on a set play executed with micrometer exactness.

Terry's father entered the stadium at just that moment. He had heard the roars and was rushing to his seat. He missed seeing his youngest son make the most dramatic play in 59 seasons of Notre Dame football.

In the Tulane game that year, Terry's knee gave out on him. Leahy didn't list Terry for the trip to Los Angeles to play USC. Ziggy Czarobski talked to the coach about this oversight.

"They tell me 80,000 tickets have been sold for our game in the Coliseum," Ziggy said.

"That's right," Leahy said.

"Now," Ziggy said, "wouldn't it be strange if that many people go there on Saturday—and the Notre Dame team doesn't."

Leahy got the message.

The next year Terry couldn't keep up the pace demanded by Leahy. He says, "I had no business being on that squad. I was terrible. I tried, but I just couldn't play the way I wanted." His knee had ended his playing.

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Terry was a philosophy major at Notre Dame—a serious student with a B average. His professors rated him exceptional, especially Father Theodore Hesburgh, who taught him religion his freshman year.

His extra-curricular activities included playing the piano, singing Irish songs, pole vaulting on the track team, boxing in the student Bengal Bouts and winning the campus middleweight title, playing bridge well enough to enter tournaments, and debating on Aristotle's Ethics in a radio program produced by the University of Chicago.

When Terry graduated from Notre Dame he enrolled in law school at Loyola of Chicago. Later he transferred to De Paul law school and got his degree. Meanwhile, he was coaching and teaching at Mt. Carmel High School on Chicago's South Side.

His daily schedule: Attend 6:30 a.m. Mass; start classes at De Paul at 8:30; take the Illinois Central from the Loop to Mt. Carmel High during the noon hour, usually eating his lunch and studying on the train; meeting with his Mt. Carmel football team before afternoon classes; teach algebra and accounting for two periods; then, football practice, dinner, studying, looking at football game films, going to Parent-Teacher meetings and additional law classes in the evenings.

Moose Krause and Father Hesburgh dropped around to chat with Terry at Mt. Carmel, and Leahy kept tabs on his football teams that won an unprecedented three straight City Championships in '50, '51 and '52—teams that sent Tom Carey, Benny Zajeski, Dick Frasor, Paul Matz and Dan Shannon to Notre Dame.

The Chicago *Sun-Times* described Mt. Carmel's play as so outstanding "it belied the schoolboy status of the team." Terry had some feelers from the Chicago Cardinals about becoming their head coach, but nothing developed beyond the talking stage. Said Brennan:

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"Those pros would have tucked me in bed at night." After four seasons of high-school coaching he turned down the backfield job at Marquette to become freshman coach at Notre Dame. At that time Leahy had three years to go on a ten-year contract but he was ailing. Terry was told he had as much chance as anybody of becoming head coach in the future.

Six months after returning to Notre Dame to coach and teach business law in the School of Commerce, Brennan had a chance to become head coach at Marquette. Leahy, on his own, wrote Marquette that he was willing to have Terry take the job, but only until Notre Dame wanted him back.

Terry denies that Father Hesburgh, the university president, assured him that he would replace Leahy, "but it was obvious that something was in the air." Terry rejected the Marquette offer.

Prior to this time, Father Hesburgh had been dismayed at the frenzy Frank Leahy displayed during the SMU game, the season's final game. Frank was back at work after his illness, but it was evident he still wasn't well. He was haggard and short tempered. The Irish were leading, 40-14, but you would have thought from Frank's actions that the game was in the balance on every play.

After that season Frank was asked if he was planning to stay as coach. "I will be here as long as I'm wanted and as long as my health permits," he said. A few days later Father Hesburgh announced Frank's resignation.

Before the announcement Father Hesburgh called Brennan to his office. "I told Terry," the priest says, "that perhaps this wasn't the right time for him to take the job, that five or ten years from now might be better."

"All I want is a chance," Terry said.

Time Runs Out

A WRITER, driving down a country road in Westchester County, New York, came upon two nuns out for a walk. He stopped his car and struck up a conversation with them. He learned that they were from Marymount College, in Tarrytown, and that one of them was Director of the House of Studies—a residence for members of her order who are taking graduate education work at nearby universities. He also learned that nuns from Marymount occasionally take courses at the Notre Dame summer school. He asked for an opinion on the South Bend university, expecting to get a reply that referred to the enormous academic strides made there in recent years.

“Well, now,” one of the nuns said, pursing her lips as she paused pensively, “Father Hesburgh isn’t doing the football team any favors.”

Shortly after World War Two Notre Dame was forced either to expand or remain at its present capacity and be much more selective than it had been in screening its applicants. An expansion program would lead to tremendous financial problems, and would dilute Notre Dame’s quality of education since it could not expect to compete with state universities or heavily endowed private institutions. Moreover, it

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was challenged by the apparent failure of Catholic universities to produce intellectuals or outstanding men in the arts, sciences and other creative professions.

Evidently, Notre Dame decided that it should forego the folderol of fringe activities and concentrate on improving its academic standing. It would abandon frivolity and mediocre educational values and commit itself to excellence in every phase. This was not a new idea at Notre Dame by any means, but not until lately has it been publicized or has the university proclaimed it with such vigor as its guiding principle. To paraphrase the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., Notre Dame was to re-tool its assembly line and manufacture Cadillacs instead of flivvers.

Notre Dame always has been most famous for its football teams; this is undeniable. It has always irked its priests and professors, however, that Notre Dame has not been appreciated for other things as well. Therefore, if Notre Dame was to gain the recognition it wanted, and if it was to obtain more foundation grants, private donations, and government support for research, it first had to change its image in the public mind.

And that's why there has been a decline in the football fortunes of the Fighting Irish.

A de-emphasis of football actually began at Notre Dame in '49. It progressed with a reduction in football scholarships up until the second year of Terry Brennan's tenure. Then it was implemented, purposely or not, but surely co-incidental with the fanfare given the "excellence" principle, when College Board examinations were required of all entering students.

"And who took College Boards back in the mid-Fifties?" Terry Brennan asks. "Kids in prep schools in the East, that's about all."

Terry took over after Leahy had had a tough time recruiting. Previously, Frank had made a practice of

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testing a candidate's talents before making a scholarship commitment. He would have a boy run against a stop watch, pass, punt, block and tackle. Now the NCAA code prohibited such tryouts. Frank either had to buy players blindly or see them in game films borrowed from high-school coaches. For his freshmen crop in '53 he chose Paul Hornung and Jimmy Morse, but the rest of his selections that year failed to pan out as star material. Thus, Terry was in trouble before he started.

A big reason behind Brennan's selection was that he represented the academically-oriented image Notre Dame wished to create for itself. He was bright, scholarly to a certain extent, clean-cut, and wholesome. Reams of copy were written about his success at Mt. Carmel, about his law degree, about his belonging to a Great Books discussion group that read the classics, and about his youthfulness that was untainted by the crassness and compromises of big-time football.

Father Hesburgh has said: "Notre Dame is not de-emphasizing football. In order to de-emphasize, there must first have been emphasis, and at Notre Dame this has certainly not been true of our football program."

The Notre Dame president surely had in mind the football program as it existed after he took office.

"There is always the danger of over-emphasis," says vice-president Father Joyce. "Over-emphasis begins when the athlete is treated as a professional or when his prime purpose is athletics. His prime purpose must be education. If you manufacture soft courses for the athlete, that would be over-emphasis. If you give him inducements beyond the basic grant-in-aid, that would be over-emphasis. Not in my time and never to my knowledge has Notre Dame over-emphasized football."

By his own definitions Father Joyce, who obviously is adroit at semantics, is within the bounds of truthfulness. Nevertheless, he is indulging in sophistry.

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Notre Dame did de-emphasize football, and it persists in doing so to the present time. The fact is, there are different degrees of de-emphasis. At any rate, Notre Dame, in effect, turned its back on the past, almost as if it were ashamed of it, and Terry Brennan was caught in a squeeze.

Terry figured that only 33 percent of all football recruits last through four seasons. The rate of attrition is high because of injuries, flunk-outs, and boys who don't live up to their promise. In his first year at Notre Dame Terry got 18 scholarships, an unusually low number. Terry says that's all he was allowed. Maybe that's all he could line-up, for Notre Dame officials insist that's all he asked for. Anyhow, the next year the number was increased to around 30.

In his first year Terry's team won 9 and lost 1; in his second year it won 8 and lost 2, and Brennan was named Coach of the Year; in his third year, when it was riddled with injuries and nine of his starters were sophomores, it won 2 and lost 8.

But cold statistics don't suggest the heat of arguments, pro and con, that waged concerning Brennan's capabilities as a coach. He used the Split-T, and featured power football. Adjectives such as "crushing" were used to describe his victories, but seldom were the games called "exciting."

The greatest stroke of luck Terry had when he succeeded Leahy was in the person of his quarterback, Ralph Vincent Guglielmi.

Guglielmi—nicknamed Goog—was a senior with three years experience. He had reached star status as an 18-year-old sophomore and was responsible for bringing Notre Dame from behind twice in the '51 Southern Cal game, the first football contest carried from coast-to-coast on the television coaxial cable.

Goog was from Columbus, Ohio, where at Grandview High he quarterbacked in football, played for-

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ward in basketball (scoring 42 points in a single game) and got three of his ten letters as a catcher in baseball. Adolph Rupp wanted him to play basketball at the University of Kentucky, and Ohio State was after him for football. But Goog got a bid in person from Frank Leahy and took off for South Bend. After his great freshman season with the Irish, Ohio State propositioned him again, and it was rumored at Notre Dame that he actually had his bags packed for a few days ready to leave for his home-town university.

In two-platoon football Goog went in on offense with instructions from the bench to call complete sequences of plays. In '53 new rules put a premium on versatility, and Goog, at 6-1 and 195 pounds, shone on both offense and defense. Left to his own devices as a signal caller, he was imaginative and aggressive. He called automatics at the line of scrimmage more than half the time, and was fast in getting plays started. He averaged 75.3 plays per game, exclusive of punts, as compared to opponents' 57.5. That's starting each new play in less than 20 seconds.

Johnny Lujack, his idol, was his backfield coach while Leahy was still head coach. Johnny helped him overcome his weakness of getting flustered and encouraged his aggressiveness. Goog became a master of the option play, and in '53, not counting the times he lateraled off, carried the ball 60 times, only two less than workhorse halfback Joe Heap. His favorite play was a delayed quarterback sneak, and he called it once in a third-and-seven situation against a startled Oklahoma team. He was a good psychologist on the field, and kept his backs anxious to carry and his linemen eager to open holes.

Goog threw two touchdown passes in the '53 Iowa game in which faked injuries stopped the clock in the waning minutes of both halves. That year he proved

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himself a reliable clutch passer, though he was not considered outstanding.

The night after the season's last game, Goog and Joe Heap signed out for Columbus for the weekend. Father Charles I. "Black Mac" McCarragher, the perfect of discipline, caught them on campus, a violation for signed-out students, and when they didn't check in by midnight he suspended them for the remainder of the semester. Goog was bitter about losing a half-year's credits. But he repented when he realized that being a football player didn't entitle him to special treatment. He went to summer school and was back in good standing in the fall. That season he became an All-America.

When Brennan was freshman coach in '53, he and Lujack were playing cards in the assistant coaches' office one afternoon. A 205-pound, six-foot, one-inch, wavy-haired blond boy with the glamour of a Greek god ambled into the room.

"See that kid?" Johnny said to Terry. "He's going to be the greatest quarterback Notre Dame's had. Name's Hornung."

In Terry's first season as varsity coach, Paul Hornung was a sophomore. There seemed to be slim chance of his playing that year as quarterback, his normal position, because he was behind Guglielmi and Tom Carey. The job at fullback was wide open, however, after the graduation of All-America Niel Worden and alternate Tom McHugh.

Terry talked the situation over with Paul and asked "The Golden Boy" to switch positions for the team's sake. Paul said he was glad to. Terry sent him to the far end of the practice field to report to line coach Bill Walsh for some work on pass blocking.

In the next half hour Terry cast frequent side-long glances at Paul. Every time he looked Paul was picking himself up off the ground. When Paul came back up

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the field his matinee idol face was a mess of bruises and scrapes.

"Learn anything?" Terry asked.

"Sure," Paul said. "You hit them before they hit you."

Moose Krause says, "Paul could do anything. He was the best prospect I've seen at Notre Dame—in football, basketball, or baseball."

Paul was a throw-back to the old-time triple-threat stars. His mother tells about how he liked to play with a ball in his crib. He made the St. Patrick's grade-school team in Louisville when he was a sixth grader, and as an eighth grader his coach allowed him to make up plays. He gained sports experience as a 13-year-old among 18-year-olds on an American Legion baseball team that went to the national finals. At Flaget High, in Louisville, Kentucky, he was a basketball forward averaging 20 points a game on a team that made the state finals. And he was an arrogant Spit-T field general on a state championship team.

A deluge of scholarship offers came to Paul. He visited the University of Miami, the University of Florida, George Tech, the University of Kentucky, the University of Indiana and Purdue. Bear Bryant, then Kentucky football coach, and the governor of Kentucky, Lawrence Wetherby, dropped in to talk to Paul's mother about the advantages of the university at Lexington. The governor took Paul to dinner twice and tried to appeal to his state pride. And all the while, Paul's mother, a devout Catholic, hoped he would go to Notre Dame.

Paul's father died before he started grade school and his mother had great influence on him. But she didn't talk him into deciding to play for the Fighting Irish. Frank Leahy did that, using low pressure and indirect methods. Frank telephoned Paul's mother and invited her to a game at South Bend; she sent Paul instead. Paul took his high school pal Sherrill Sipes

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along, and Leahy gave them his usual routine: "It seems to me that you lads would look awfully good in green jerseys."

Hornung was the first Notre Dame player given a scholarship on the basis of films of his high-school performance. Though viewing films is standard procedure today, it wasn't then. But Frank Leahy would have accepted Paul Hornung on his reputation alone.

"I came here because I wanted to see if I was good enough to play for the best," Paul said.

Later he would add, "Coach Brennan told us that every time we lose we learn something. By the end of my last season, when we lost eight, we weren't the best but we sure must have been the smartest team in the country."

After playing fullback in '54, Paul made it big at quarterback in '55. He wasn't as slick as Guglielmi, but he had a combination of talents that inspired writers to report: "He ran like a fullback, passed like a quarterback and defended like a linebacker." He also punted and placekicked.

Off campus he mingled in party-loving society in South Bend. He was a lady-killer and general all-round wild man. Brennan says he checked out stories on Paul's hell raising and every one of them proved false. He must have asked the right questions of the wrong people.

The biggest worry the coaches had about Hornung was his self-sufficiency. He tended to do too much by himself. For instance, he called his own signal an unusual number of times. On this point Paul says, "The clubs we were playing were weak in the middle of the line. I was closest to their weak spot and I figured I could burst through. I think it worked."

Even in '56, Notre Dame's most woeful season ever, Paul was second in the country on offense. His total yardage, including passes, was 1,337. He connected

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with 59 of 111 passes and had 13 interceptions. He ran the ball 94 times, and though smothered often, netted 420 yards. Much to his surprise, Paul was awarded the Heisman Trophy in '56 which goes annually to the best collegiate football player in the country.

The night before his last college game Paul was to be interviewed on Frank Leahy's television show. Terry Brennan cancelled Paul's appearance. Leahy fumed and said some intemperate things about the young coach being too inexperienced for his job and the team being short on fighting spirit. The long-standing feud between Terry and Frank was out in the open.

There was no evidence of hard feelings between Brennan and Leahy while Terry was a player, but afterwards the contrary was the case. Friction started as soon as Terry became head coach of the Irish. Brennan claims that when he moved into the office formerly occupied by Leahy he found the files stripped bare of information on high school players who had been contacted about scholarships. Leahy flatly denied Brennan's allegation. Brennan says: "After taking over as coach the first time I heard from Leahy was on the Thursday before the Texas game in '54, my debut, and if we weren't ready by that time we never would be." Frank says: "The only reason I called him at all was to give him a chance to mention to the alumni that he had consulted me, just so he wouldn't be blamed for not seeking my advice." And so it went, with Terry being haughty and Frank interpreting his former star's attitude as a personal affront.

Subsequently, when the team was on a losing streak, it was suggested to Terry that he engage Frank as an advisor. Terry froze. "Not while I'm coach," he said.

"Leahy fools people," Terry said later, "but I've known for a long time what he's really like." He didn't elaborate on that cryptic statement. To convey his feelings, he didn't need to.

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At the end of the '56 season there was a groundswell movement to get rid of Terry as coach at Notre Dame. His three-year contract had expired and many influential persons were opposed to keeping him any longer. At a meeting of old-time players at the Morris Inn on the edge of the Notre Dame campus, Father Cavanaugh openly campaigned for Frank Leahy's return. It was no secret that Hunk Anderson had volunteered his assistance in coaching the line during Terry's time of trouble. Anderson had been rebuffed, and Hunk's friends, who are legion, were angry. The faculty board voted unanimously to recommend to Father Hesburgh that Terry's services be terminated immediately. Moose Krause traveled to Washington, D.C., to meet with Joe Kuharich and discuss the possibility of Joe's leaving the pro Redskins and taking Terry's job.

However, Father Hesburgh reasoned that Terry had been short-changed with player material and felt he should be allowed to take advantage of the more plentiful scholarship supply. The president refused to follow the recommendation of the board. He renewed Terry's contract for one year. Terry, who appeared to be oblivious to the furor, was aware, however, that a one-year deal was a strong hint that he had to win.

Terry staged a comeback in '57, winning seven and losing three. There were two important triumphs for Terry that season. One came at Philadelphia, the other at Norman, Oklahoma.

Philadelphia was splitting at the seams the day the Army-Notre Dame series was temporarily revived. Fleets of busses shuttled fans from special railroad trains to Municipal Stadium. The Corps of Cadets marched under the goal posts and passed in review in company-front formation to the strains of martial music.

Fullback Nick Pietrosante scored two touchdowns for Notre Dame. Starting at the Army 35, halfback

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Dick Lynch took five straight cracks at the line and crossed the West Point goal. But with six minutes to play in the fourth quarter, Army led, 21-20.

Time was out after a Notre Dame drive slowed and then died. Fourth down, eight to go. The Fighting Irish's only hope was a field goal. End Monte Stickles, the sophomore placekicker, earlier had missed one conversion attempt that would have tied the score. It was tempting fate for Terry to have him try for three points from 28 yards out. Moreover, Monte had never kicked a field goal in his life.

Terry sent in a substitute. The reserve handed Monte the kicking tee and said, "Coach says, 'Keep your head down.'"

Monte didn't have time to get nervous before the snap from center. His toe met the ball squarely and it pin-wheeled high. He squinted and, with the hazy vision of a near-sighted man, saw it curve in flight and clear the center of the cross-bar.

A little boy named David Beach, standing on his seat to see over the heads of the crowd, snapped the chain on his rosary beads. Notre Dame had won, 23-21.

Monte Stickles was, of course, gratified by his kick, but he had mixed emotions. He had once wanted to be a West Point cadet himself. If he hadn't failed his eye examination he would have been playing for Army that day.

He was from Poughkeepsie, New York, a short distance up the Hudson from West Point. After being told he couldn't become a cadet, he mulled over 70 college football scholarships and 40 college basketball scholarships. One western university made its offer more attractive by adding \$125 a month cash for living expenses, an apartment, clothes, a car, and extra money for entertainment. Monte was indignant. "Colleges should not cheat a young man," Stickles says. "Too many times fellows who go for deals like that don't

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graduate. Then what becomes of them? I was determined not to be a football bum. I wanted an education."

Notre Dame was not one of the universities that pursued Monte. So his mother wrote Terry Brennan a letter. Terry sent a talent scout to check up on Monte. After receiving glowing reports, he sent Stickles a telegram. Monte, not certain he could make the Notre Dame team, took only a two-weeks' supply of clothes with him to South Bend. A few days later he wired his mother to send his trunk.

Monte, like Paul Hornung, was a playboy off campus. He romped in carefree fashion between seasons. But he studied hard as a sociology major and earned an 85 average, worked as a hall night watchman and mail delivery man, and made All-America.

Four weeks after the '57 Army game Notre Dame played Oklahoma, a team that had won 47 straight victories. An 18-point underdog, the Irish took the ball on their own 20 in the last period, trying desperately to break the scoreless tie. Nick Pietrosante bore the brunt of the attack as Notre Dame moved up the field in a series of short gains. Then Nick, acting as a decoy, plunged again. The Sooner defenders grabbed him while Dick Lynch took a pitch-out and skirted right end. Nick broke loose and sprinted to throw a key block at Dave Baker, the Oklahoma safety man. Lynch scored. Notre Dame won, 7-0.

Terry Brennan's job was safe for another year.

In '58 Terry won six and lost four. He felt secure. Still, displeasure over his work was increasing. When Army went to South Bend to wind up the two-game home-and-home series and beat the Irish, 14-2, Terry was finished. But he didn't know it yet.

Terry's trouble was not so much mechanical or technical, though both these facets reflected his inexperience. His real problem was a failure to appreciate the

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psychology of his football players. Kids need encouragement, they need the stimulus of inspiration, they need the impetus of individual and group spirit. They were getting none of these intangibles from Terry or his young assistants. Terry was cold-blooded and didn't seem to grasp his responsibility. Therefore, the team met in private after one season and pledged to generate spirit for themselves. And they resolved this knowing that they would have to do it in spite of Terry.

Says Nick Pietrosante, "So you get worked up for Iowa or Army, but actually there was not much difference between a Saturday and a Monday. At Notre Dame we used to scrimmage the first three days of the week and spend Thursdays with live punts and pass patterns. It was just, well, grind out the season."

The morale of the assistant coaches was not good, either. Apparently, Terry refused to take their advice, possibly thinking that doing so would be a show of weakness. He gave orders that he was the only coach who would speak to newspapermen. He told Bernie Crimmins, "I'll do the talking for this team." And when the defenses Bernie devised for the Oklahoma game in '57 thwarted the Sooners, Terry didn't inform the press of this fact.

Against Navy one year the Middies used an eight-man line on defense. Not until Terry had studied the movies did he discover why his attack had bogged down. "That was a little late," said one of his players. "There used to be a slogan around here," said another. "It went 'two yards, four yards, six yards—first down.' This year, it was 'two yards, three yards, three yards—punt.'" And if quarterbacks got independent and called wide open stuff that moved the ball, Terry couldn't tell the difference between their ingenuity and his own conservative strategy. Also, it was a common complaint that he didn't make good use of the material he had.

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Red Mack, for example, was a great broken-field runner, but he seldom carried the ball.

Notre Dame students wanted to cheer at football practice sessions, and 3,000 of them once marched on Cartier Field. They sang school songs and shouted fight yells for half an hour. Terry asked them to leave. Everybody was amazed. He vetoed a similar demonstration later. Terry was hanged in effigy three times in '58.

"Brennan didn't understand any efforts to inspire the team," one of his players says. "He never made one pep talk that fired us up."

"I didn't go for that hambone routine," Terry said in rebuttal. "No pep talk ever stirred me up."

Enthusiasm for Terry vanished. The final straw was the breakdown of discipline. "Terry was too soft," an observer said. "After practice the players weren't worn out the way I hear they used to be. It was a breeze and they didn't have any deep respect for the coach. They smoked. They drank. Hell, I saw players stagger into my dorm on Saturday night after football games."

Terry Brennan had received the biggest build-up imaginable, but he couldn't fill its dimensions.

Again the faculty board voted to dispense with his services. This time Father Hesburgh reluctantly concurred. The timing of the announcement was in poor taste, however. Terry was fired a few days before Christmas, 1958.

"We let Terry go," said Father Hesburgh, "because we had him for five years and we wanted another coach."

Peaceful (and prosperous) Coexistence

"I KNOW of no football coach who has a contract with a clause that stipulates that he must guarantee to win games," says old pro Joe Kuharich.

One of the troublesome aftermaths to the firing of Terry Brennan was the assumption that Notre Dame had violated its self-proclaimed commitment to excellence. People believed the hiring of Joe Kuharich was a compromise that would jeopardize recent academic progress.

"I see no reason why athletic excellence should be incompatible with academic excellence," says Moose Krause.

Striving for excellence must always take place within a frame of values. Notre Dame lately has embraced intellectual values, some claim to the detriment of values that round out the complete man. The Spirit of Notre Dame as manifest in football certainly is beneficial within limits, but those limits do exist and it is obligatory to recognize them. On the other hand, it is wise to recognize the values in football, too.

It is logical to view the hiring of Joe Kuharich as an attempt to strike a balance between the one extreme that discounts football altogether and the other that would sacrifice the true purpose of a university

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in the interests of an adjunct to its prescribed intent.

Yet, Father Hesburgh has said, "Football is another world here at Notre Dame."

It is another world from the ivory tower of the obtuse pedagogue, but Father Hesburgh is not of that ilk. When he says something like that he surely is considering things in the light of relative, not absolute relationships. After all, the selection of Joe Kuharich met with his approval, and Joe is at Notre Dame to coach football as best he can under prevailing conditions. It is symbolic, perhaps, that the new library under construction at Notre Dame is located on the site of Cartier Field, but the stadium still stands nearby.

Father Hesburgh holds the office of university president once held by Father Charles O'Donnell, who said, "... College is not merely a school; it is a life. ... Man is not all mind; he is a creature of flesh and blood; he has a heart, and the heart, too, must be schooled in a curriculum which life itself supplies in those four [college] years crowded with wonder ..."

Joe Kuharich is a product of the college life Father O'Donnell delineated and one of the lessons that life taught him was to regard things in their proper perspective.

Joe is a realist, a plugger, a practical man. He is also a thorough professional. These are the attributes that made him attractive to Notre Dame.

Joe was born and raised in South Bend. He dreamed of going to Notre Dame all through his boyhood. He hung around the place when he was a kid, walking five miles to and from his home to get there. He played guard on the Riley High School football team, and because somebody else didn't arrive to take a scholarship, he got one from Elmer Layden. Joe weighed only 148 pounds then, 75 pounds less than he weighs now, but he hit giant linemen with the force

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of a full-blown heavyweight and played varsity for three years. He graduated with honors from the Department of Physical Education, and while working toward a master's degree, he coached Notre Dame freshmen in '38. He then coached one year at Vincen-tian Institute, Albany, New York. He played pro football, calling signals from a guard position on the Chicago Cardinals. After a tour in the Navy and another season with the Cards, he coached the Pitts-burgh Steelers' line for a year. Then followed four years at the University of San Francisco where Joe had an unbeaten team that starred Ollie Matson, Gino Marchetti, Joe "Scooter" Scadero and Dick Stanfel, all of whom became pro stars. In '52 he coached the Cardinals, and two years later began coaching the Washington Redskins. He was honored as Pro Coach of the Year in '55. In '59 he went to Notre Dame.

In 20 years Joe hadn't spent two consecutive nights in South Bend. While visiting his parents he saw friends on campus at Notre Dame, but he didn't maintain any constant contacts with the university. After Terry Brennan was kept on following the '56 season, Kuharich gave up all hopes of ever coaching the Fighting Irish, and, as he says, the firm offer that was made to him two years later "came as a bolt out of the blue."

Joe installed the straight T at Notre Dame. Quarter-back George Izo, displaying skills the Brennan Split-T failed to exploit, faked expertly and passed from an NFL-style pocket. Joe uses a flanking back and widely spaced ends. Talking about his defense in '59 he said, "I'll have to use a lot of sophomores, and I'm not happy about it. On offense inexperience isn't so bad because the boys can memorize their patterns, but when the other team is calling the shots a kid has to rely on his own judgment. It takes time and testing

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under fire for a boy to learn to do the right thing, and that's what has me a little worried."

Joe started out with a 5-and-5 year, slipped to a 2-and-8 season in '60, and climbed half-way to perfection with 5-and-5 again in '61.

The recurring cry "poor use of good material" is heard once more about Notre Dame.

As you would expect of a pro, Joe pays little heed to this sort of criticism. He relaxes in his swivel chair in the corner office of what he calls "the football department," now situated in the Rockne Memorial gym, across the campus from the rest of the Athletic Department. In a flat, high-pitched voice that clashes with his muscular face and frame, he says, "When you play football in today's high-pressure intercollegiate competition you've got to figure to lose a few." His words express the same thought that Elmer Layden had when he was coaching at Notre Dame.

Discussing his material, Joe says, "The high schools follow the pro rules of two-platoon football and boys come to us as one-way specialists. We'll get one fullback who never made a tackle in his life and another fullback who never carried the ball. In other words they've missed out on fundamentals during their formative years. Some will stand there on defense like tall trees, waiting for blockers to chop them down." That statement isn't directly to the point, but it is loaded with implications. Asked about what he looks for in a football player, he says, "A student-athlete, a well-rounded boy who is gifted physically and who has a desire to come to Notre Dame."

Don Doll, the former USC and pro star who is backfield assistant on the Kuharich staff, answers the same question by saying, "A streak of meanness. To be good at football a kid has got to have a swagger and dab of the nasty guy in his makeup. He shouldn't play dirty, and we don't tolerate that, but he ought to

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want to smack the other fellow around, not to hurt him but to make him show respect. Something else we like to see in a boy is leadership ability, but that's getting harder to come by these days. Somehow or other young men of the current college generation prefer to be followers rather than leaders. It seems to be due to the cult of conformity that takes a lot of spunk out of boys. Y'know, a football coach is a teacher, really, and his specialty is teaching boys to develop a strong moral fiber and initiative. That's what football is all about."

Coach Kuharich and his assistants don't have much contact with teachers in other departments at Notre Dame, by their own testimony, but they cultivate an attitude consistent with the ideals professed by all the faculty. They are interested in the university above all other considerations. Father Hesburgh has said Notre Dame has had a "fall from muscular grace," but it's been a graceful fall.

In charge of recruiting and the freshmen team at Notre Dame is Hughie Devore. Hughie talks about the boys who play on the present Fighting Irish team: "They're different. They're not the same type as in my day. They major in subjects like mathematics and physics. They are serious-minded. We have no snap courses for them to study, and we can't help the boy who wants to study agriculture, for instance. In my day a player who wanted to go on with football thought of coaching. Nowadays they think of the pros. But even pro football isn't a lifetime career. Football now is only a step along the way for most boys. It's not an end in itself, and that's for the better."

But, you ask, does that answer the question of why Notre Dame teams haven't done well in recent seasons?

The real answer is to be found in general conditions. Notre Dame raised its academic standards in advance of colleges on its schedule, thereby curtailing its

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chances of attracting as much muscular material as its opponents get. Irish players nowadays have a sophisticated outlook on football that precludes the sort of Old Siwash dedication to the game that was evident on former eras, for they are in college to seek an education instead of fast-fading sports glory. The nub of the affair is that the whole tone of Notre Dame has changed. That's the way it is, and that's the way it will continue to be.

But Notre Dame isn't disinterested in football, not by any means. As a case in point, take the battle it waged to defend the correctness of its stand following its disputed victory over Syracuse in '61. You will remember that the Irish won, 17-15, on a field goal kicked by Joe Perkowski after the clock had run out. That was the second shot Joe had had at the winning three points, which the referee permitted because Syracuse committed a foul on the last play in regulation time. Some people thought Syracuse should have been declared the rightful winner, but Notre Dame contended otherwise. Finally, Father Joyce himself went to Miami when the rules committee considered the controversy, and he was there when the rule in the books was revised to conform to Notre Dame's opinion of how it should have read all along. That incident alone indicates that the Irish still take their football with a certain degree of seriousness.

Now, about the future.

Joe Kuharich says, "There's no reason why with the material we have we can't bounce back to our former position on the top or near the top. All teams have their ups and downs, and for a while we've been down. We've lost some close ones, games that might have gone the other way, and our boys are capable on any given Saturday of beating the very best in the country. We never go into a game with the idea that we might lose. Saying it another way, we want to win them all.

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We try to win them all. That's our commitment to excellence."

So watch out for quarterbacks Ed Rutkowski, Daryle Lamonica and Frank Budka. And fullback Jim Snowden. And halfback Paul Costa. And another fullback named Gerry Gray, an honor student. And another honor student, guard Bob Lehmann. And especially watch out for a demon freshman in '61, a ball carrier, from Tilden High School in Brooklyn, on whose broad shoulders rest the hopes and aspirations of '62, '63 and '64—Ronnie Bliey.

Notre Dame's popularity has been lessened lately. Other universities have had teams that could defeat the Fighting Irish. But competition will level out. Notre Dame will improve some, and other teams will taper off as higher academic standards are enforced everywhere in the trend of education. Notre Dame lost out as the unique representative of college football when the NCAA wouldn't permit the Irish to telecast their games every week on nation-wide networks. Other teams picked up some of the Fighting Irish fans. Notre Dame also lost the type of fan who sticks with only a winner. But there is a lingering loyalty to Notre Dame that doesn't diminish.

Moose Krause has booked games with Army for '65 and '66, and in a second home-and-home series, in '69 and '70, with Notre Dame the host team on the even numbered years. Maybe by the next game with the Cadets the Fighting Irish will be cracking again. Maybe things will be like in the old days.

Somebody said that Notre Dame, by transforming itself into a type of university that someday might be the best in the world, is making a bid for oblivion in football.

I would hate to believe it.

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NOTRE DAME'S ALL-AMERICAS

WALTER CAMP'S SELECTIONS

- 1903: Louis Salmon (fullback) 3rd team
1909: M. Harry Miller (halfback) 3rd team
1913: Ray Eichenlaub (fullback) 2nd team
1916: Charles Bachman (guard) 2nd team
1917: Frank Rydzewski (center) 2nd team
1920: George Gipp (fullback) 1st team
1921: Roger Kiley (end) 2nd team
John Mohardt (fullback) 2nd team
1922: Paul Castner (fullback) 3rd team
1923: Harvey Brown (guard) 2nd team
1924: Harry Stuhldreher (quarterback) 1st team
James Crowley (halfback) 2nd team
Adam Walsh (center) 3rd team
Elmer Layden (fullback) 3rd team

OTHER SELECTIONS

(See key to abbreviations at end)

- 1913: Gus Dorais (back) INS
1916: Stan Cofall (halfback) INS
1917: Frank Rydzewski (center), INS, NEA
1920: Roger Kiley (end) INS
1921: Eddie Anderson (end) Football World
1923: Don Miller (halfback) INS 1st team; Chicago Tribune,
1st team
1924: Elmer Layden (fullback) B 1st team; INS 3rd team
James Crowley (halfback) B 1st team; INS 2nd team
Harry Stuhldreher (quarterback) 1st team B and INS
1926: Arthur Boeringer (center) R, AP, INS, NEA
1927: John Smith (guard) R, B, AP, UP, INS, NEA
Christy Flanagan (halfback) UP, NEA
1928: Fred Miller (tackle) INS
1929: Frank Carideo (quarterback) R, B, AP, UP, INS, NEA
Jack Cannon (guard) R, B, AP, UP, INS, NEA
1930: Frank Carideo (quarterback) R, B, AP, UP, INS, NEA
Marchy Schwartz (halfback) AP, UP, INS, NEA
Marty Brill (halfback) B
Bert Metzger (guard) AP, UP
1931: Marchy Schwartz (halfback) R, B, UP, INS, NEA
Tommy Yarr (center) B, AP, INS

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- Nordy Hoffman (guard) AP
 Joe Kurth (tackle) UP, NEA
- 1932: Joe Kurth (tackle) R, B, AP, UP, INS, P, NEA
 George Melinkovich (fullback) NANA
- 1934: Jack Robinson (center) B, INS
- 1935: Wayne Millner (end) B, UP, INS, P
 Bill Shakespeare (halfback) B, INS
- 1936: John Lauter (guard) UP
- 1937: Joe Beinor (tackle) B, NEA
 Chuck Sweeney (end) AP, UP, INS
- 1938: Joe Beinor (tackle) B, R, AP, INS, NEA
 Earl Brown (end) B, P
- 1939: William (Bud) Kerr (end) B, AP, NEA
- 1941: Bob Dove (end) B, UP, INS
 Bernie Crimmins (guard) R, P
- 1942: Bob Dove (end) B, INS, NEA
- 1943: Jim White (tackle) R, B, AP, UP, INS
 Angelo Bertelli¹ (quarterback) R, B, AP, UP, INS, P
 Creighton Miller (halfback) R, B, UP, INS, P
 John Yonakor (end) B, UP, INS
 Pat Filley (guard) R, UP
- 1945: John Mastrangelo (guard) INS
- 1946: John Mastrangelo (guard) R, INS
 George Connor² (tackle) R, B, AP, UP, INS, FC, P, NEA
 John Lujack (quarterback) R, B, AP, UP, NEA, INS, FC, FW
 George Strohmeier (center) INS, FW
- 1947: John Lujack³ (quarterback) Unanimous
 Bill Fischer (guard) AP, UP, FW, NEA 1st team; INS 2nd team; FC 3rd team
 George Connor (tackle) UP, FC, B 1st team; AP 3rd team
 Ziggy Czarobski (tackle) INS 1st team; AP 2nd team; FC 3rd team; NEA 1st team
 Leon Hart (end) FW
- 1948: Bill Fischer⁴ (guard) AP, UP, INS, B
 Leon Hart (end) UP, INS, B, FW-R, P, NEA 1st team; AP 3rd team
 Emil Sitko (halfback) FW-R 1st team; AP, UP 2nd team
 Marty Wendell (guard) FC 1st team; FW-R 2nd team
- 1949: Leon Hart⁵ (end) B, FC, FW-R, AP, UP, INS, P
 Emil Sitko (halfback) FC, FW-R, AP, UP, INS, P
 Jim Martin (tackle) AP, INS 1st team; FW-R, UP 2nd team
 Bob Williams (quarterback) AP, UP, FW-R
- 1950: Jerome Groom (center) UP, NEA, P
 Bob Williams (quarterback) AP, UP, FW-R
- 1951: Robert Toneff (tackle) AP 1st team; UP 2nd team
 James Mutscheller (end) UP 2nd team
- 1952: John Lattner⁶ (halfback) Unanimous
- 1953: John Lattner⁷ (halfback) Unanimous
 Don Penza (end) New York Daily News

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- Neil Worden (fullback) NBC Television
 Jim Schrader (center) NBC Television
 Menil Mavraides (guard) Paramount News
 Art Hunter (tackle) FW-R, INS, Movietone News, AP 2nd team, P 2nd team
- 1954: Ralph Guglielmi¹ (quarterback) Unanimous
 Frank Varrichione (tackle) The Sporting News, Central Press, 1st team; INS, UP, 2nd team; AP, 3rd team
- 1955: Don Schaefer (fullback) FW, INS, Colliers 1st team
 Paul Hornung (quarterback) UP, FW, Sporting News, New York Daily News 1st team
 Pat Bisceglia (guard) AP, NBC Television 1st team; UP 3rd team
- 1956: Paul Hornung² (quarterback) UP, Sporting News, FW 1st team; AP, NEA, INS 2nd team
- 1957: Al Ecuyer (guard) UP, INS, Sporting News, 1st team; AP 2nd team
 Nick Pietrosante (fullback) NBC Television 1st team; UP, Sporting News 3rd team
- 1958: Al Ecuyer (guard) UP, Sporting News, P, College Sports Editors 1st team
 Monty Stickles (end) NBC Television, Sporting News, P, Fox-Movietone News, College Sports Editors 1st team; UP, AP 2nd team
 Nick Pietrosante (fullback) FC, FW-R, NBC Television, Fox-Movietone News 1st team; Sporting News, College Sports Editors 2nd team; UP, AP 3rd team
- 1959: Monty Stickles (end) UP, Sporting News
- 1960: Myron Pottios (guard), Time Magazine

KEY

AP—Associated Press UP—United Press INS—International News Service
 B—All-America Board FW—Football Writers FC—Football Coaches
 R—Grantland Rice
 FW-R—Football Writers and Grantland Rice combined their choices for
 LOOK Magazine starting in 1948
 P—All-Players Team
 NEA—Newspaper Enterprise Association
 NANA—North American Newspaper Alliance

¹ Received the Heisman Trophy as "Outstanding Player of 1943"

² Received the Outland Trophy as "Outstanding Lineman of 1946"

³ Received the Heisman Trophy as "Outstanding Player of 1947"

⁴ Received the Outland Trophy as "Outstanding Lineman of 1948"

⁵ Received the Heisman Trophy as "Outstanding Player of 1949"

⁶ Received the Robert W. Maxwell Trophy as "Outstanding College Player of 1952"

⁷ Received both the Maxwell Trophy and the Heisman Award as "Outstanding College Player of 1953"

⁸ Received the Walter Camp Trophy as the "Outstanding College Football Back of 1954"

⁹ Received the Heisman Trophy as "Outstanding College Player of 1956"

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